BUNKHOUSE

the International Magazine of the Western-Levi Scene

Vol. 1, No.1 • $3.00

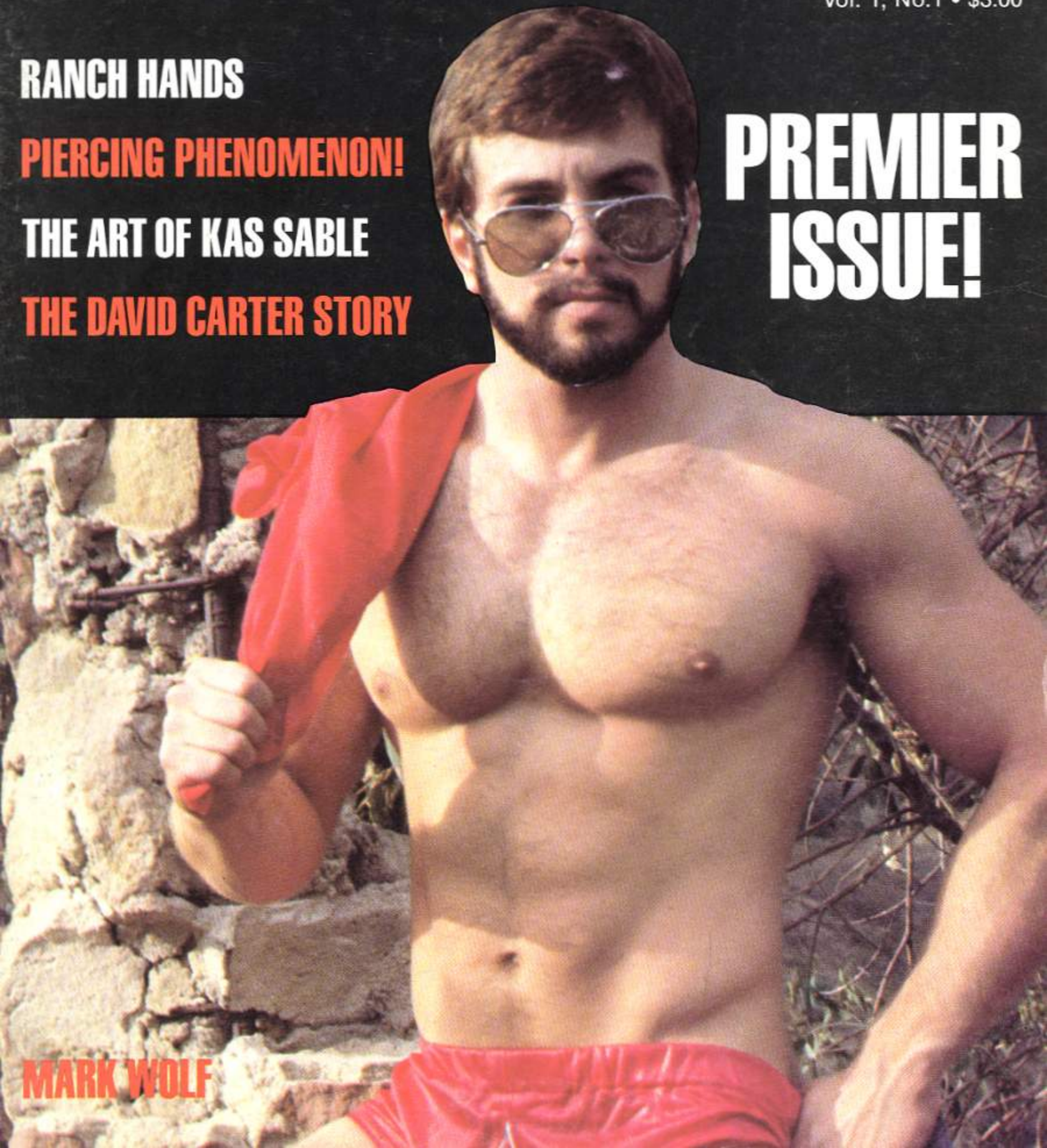
RANCH HANDS

PIERCING PHENOMENON!

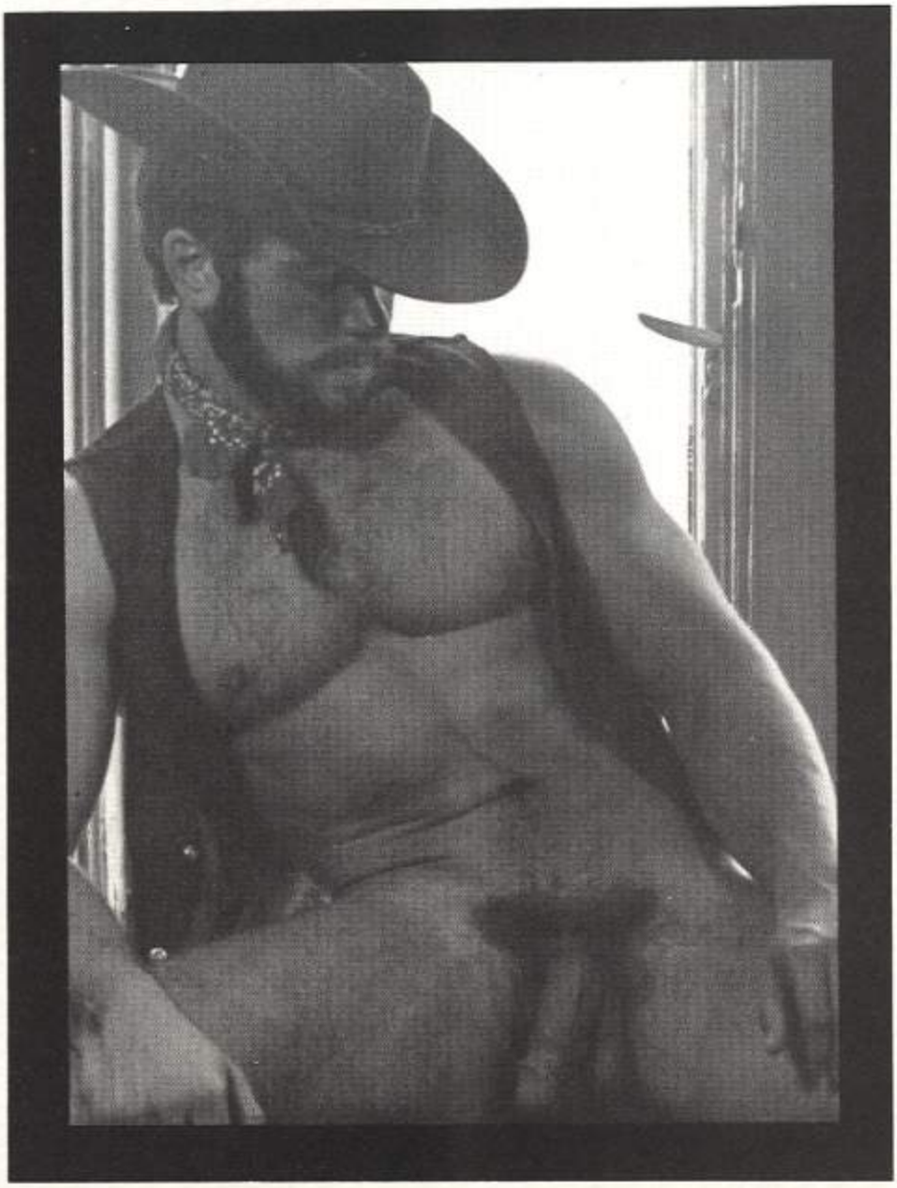
THE ART OF KAS SABLE

THE DAVID CARTER STORY

PREMIER ISSUE!



MARK WOLF



FINE ARTWORK • PHOTOGRAPHY • MASCULINE MERCHANDISE

ZEUS

THE ZEUS COLLECTION

BOX 64250 • LOS ANGELES, CA 90064

ZEUS PHOTO SET BROCHURE $1.00

ZEUS LIBRARY BROCHURE $1.00

BUNKHOUSE

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ranch Hands 3
Body & Genital Piercing 13
Mark Wolf/Photography from the *Zeus Collection* 28
Bunkhouse Bunny: Jake 45

ARTICLES

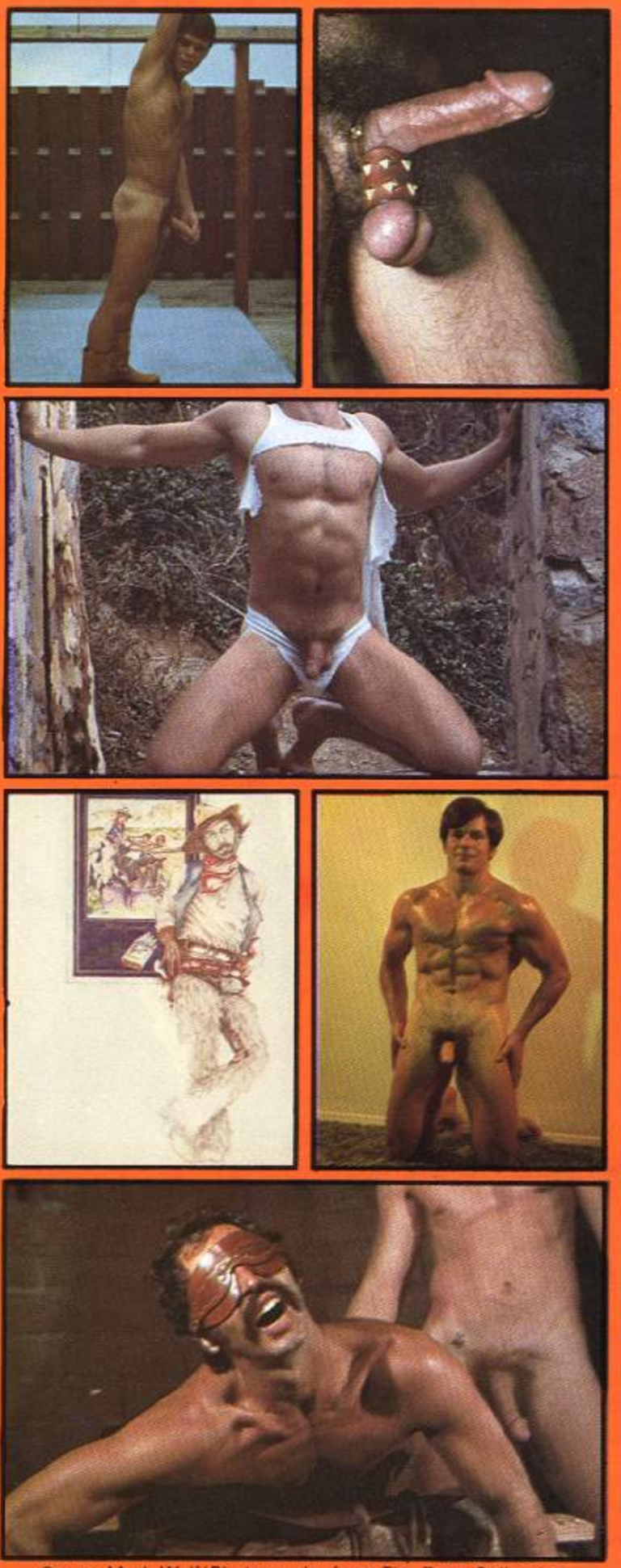
Fiction: Spurs & Diamonds 10
The Adventures of a Piercing Freak *A True Story* 17
The David Carter Story 23
Fiction: The Barn 34

FEATURES

Poetry of Dave Scott 20
Worldwide Run & Events Calendar 37
Hangin' Tree Ranch 38
Focus: The Rodeo Riders of Chicago 50
The Art of Kas Sable 56
Roundup 60

Publisher/Editor-In-Chief: Mel Shaw
Executive Editor: Richard D. Littlejohn
Art Direction: The M & M Graphic Connection
Executive Vice President: Richard D. Littlejohn
Associate Editors: Charles Riley, Philip Ogolosky, Donovan F. Ash, Dan Jacobs, Robert Wedig, Rhandi Richards
Los Angeles Bureau: Edward Sladek, Vice President in Charge
New York Bureau: Bruno Minarcos
San Francisco Bureau: Michael Agajanian
Subscription Manager: Karl Wolff
Contributing Authors: Jeff King, Dave Scott, Arthur Kirson, Doug Malloy, Nikolas Carpinelli, Mark Stinell
Contributing Photographers: The Zeus Collection, Hangin' Tree Ranch, David Carter Studios Ollie, Bunkhouse Men, D. James Dee, Donovan F. Ash

Special thanks go to: Dave Sheppard and Wolf of Pleasure Chest Chicago, Jim Hawkins and Mikal Bales of Zeus, Doug Malloy—*Master Piercer* and Jim Ward of Gauntlet Enterprises, Jack Jackson of Hangin' Tree Ranch.

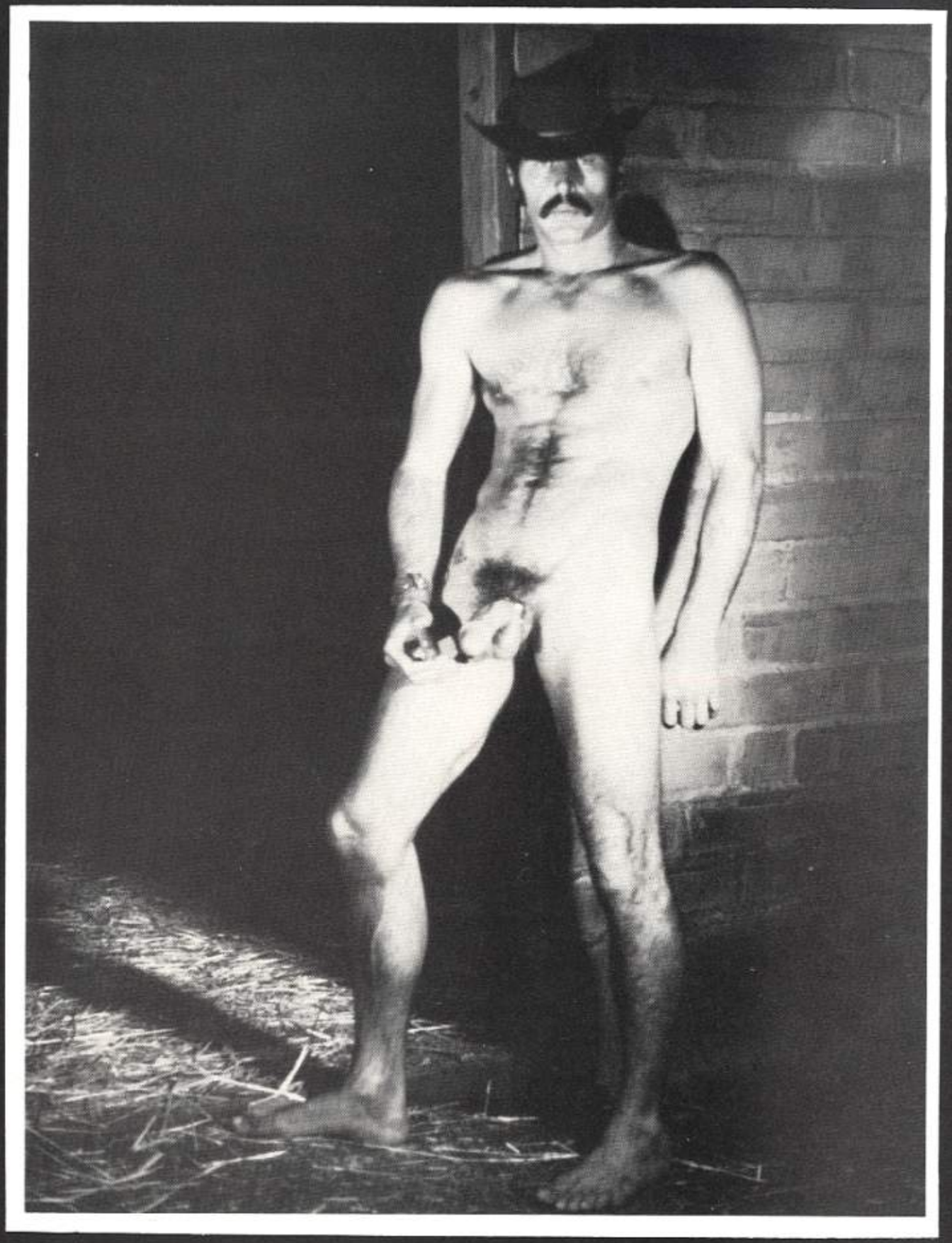


Cover: Mark Wolf/*Photography from The Zeus Collection*

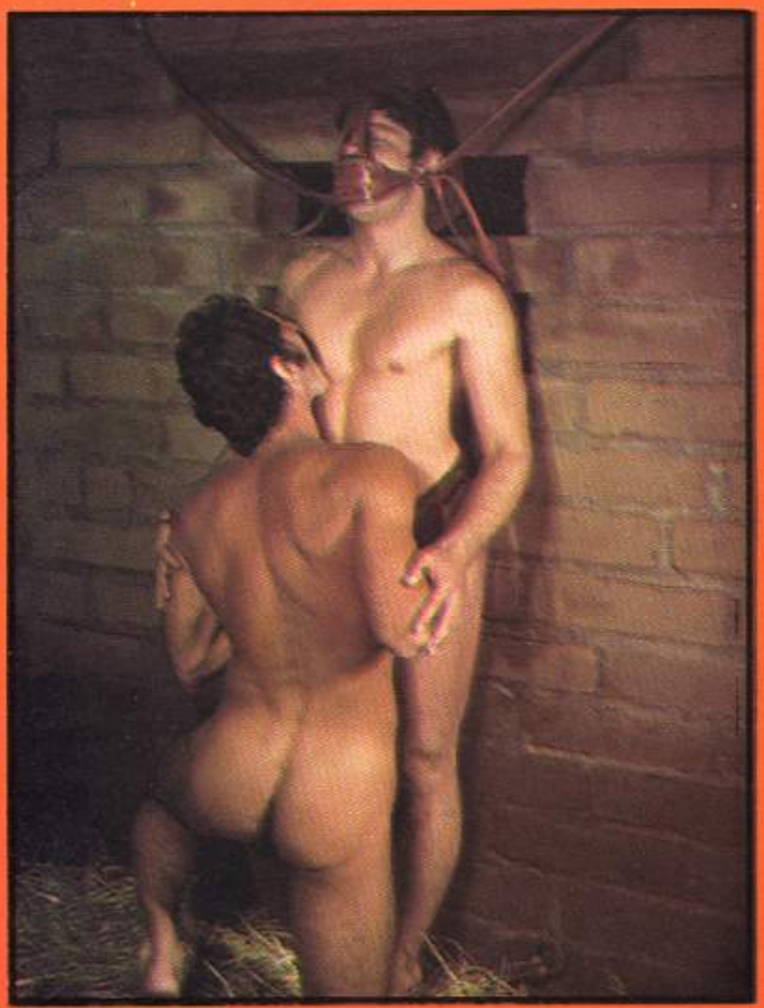
Vol. 1, No.1

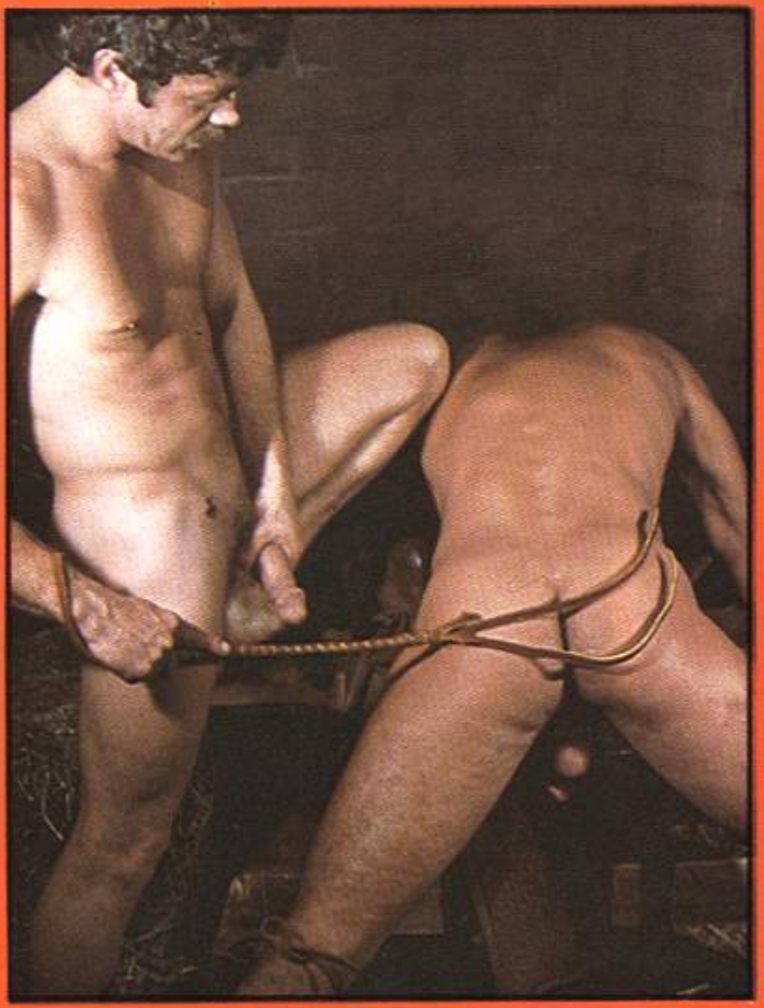
BUNKHOUSE is published twelve times yearly by **MASTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.**, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010. Copyright 1978. All rights reserved. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters, art, manuscripts, and photographs sent to **BUNKHOUSE** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication purposes as subject to **BUNKHOUSE**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in articles or advertising in **BUNKHOUSE** is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization. Subscription prices: U.S. and Canada: $24 a year; all other nations: $32. Singly copy price. $3.

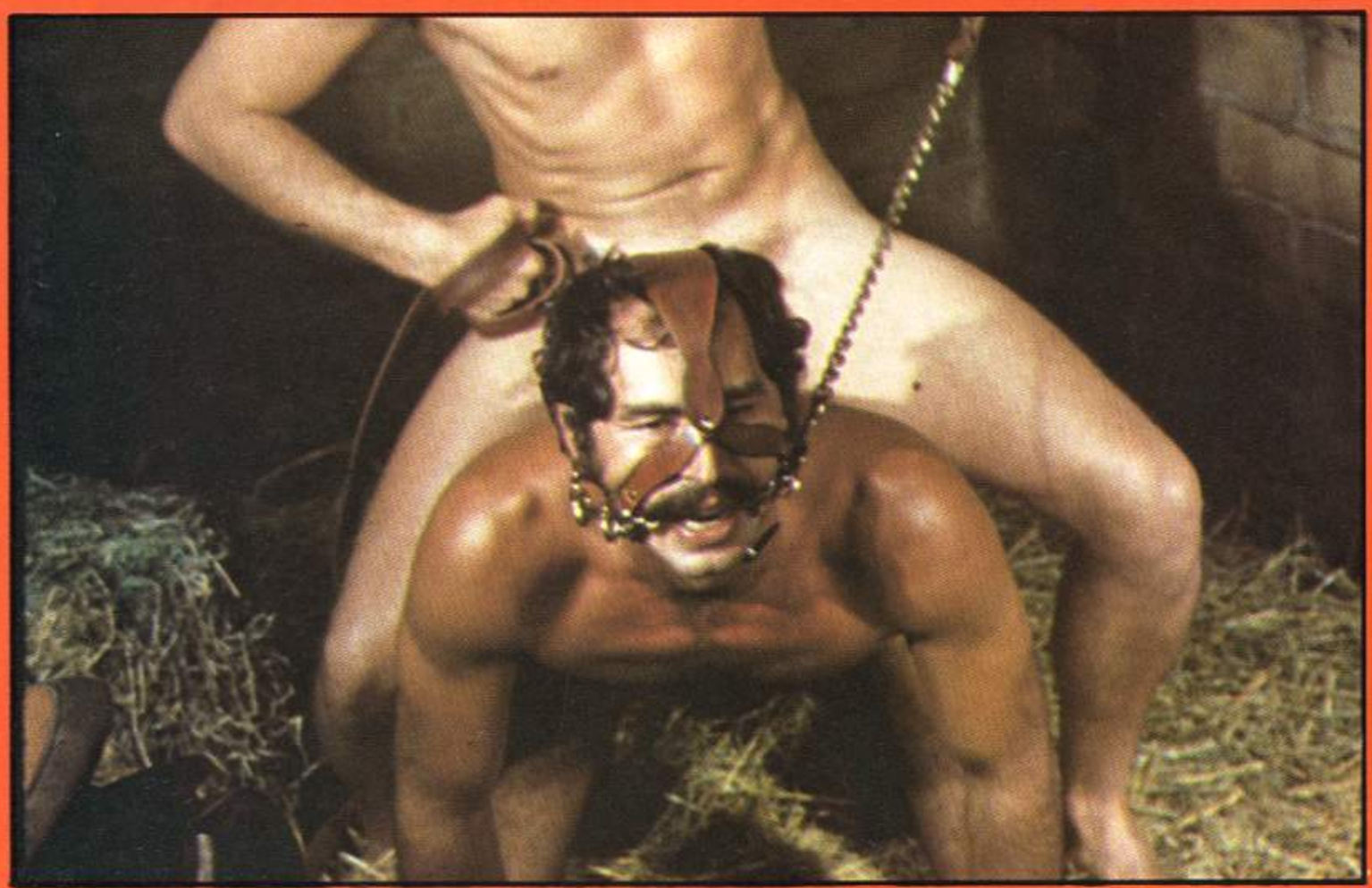
8th & HOWARD, SAN FRANCISCO



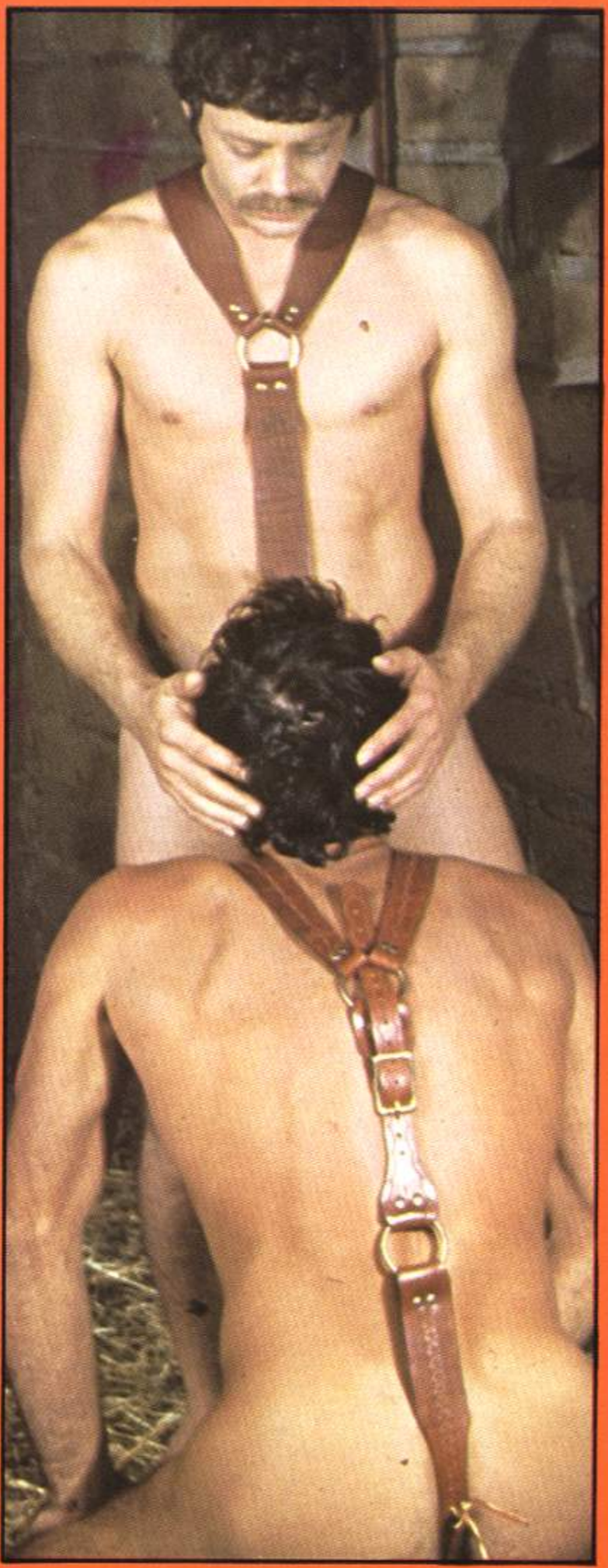
Ranch Hands

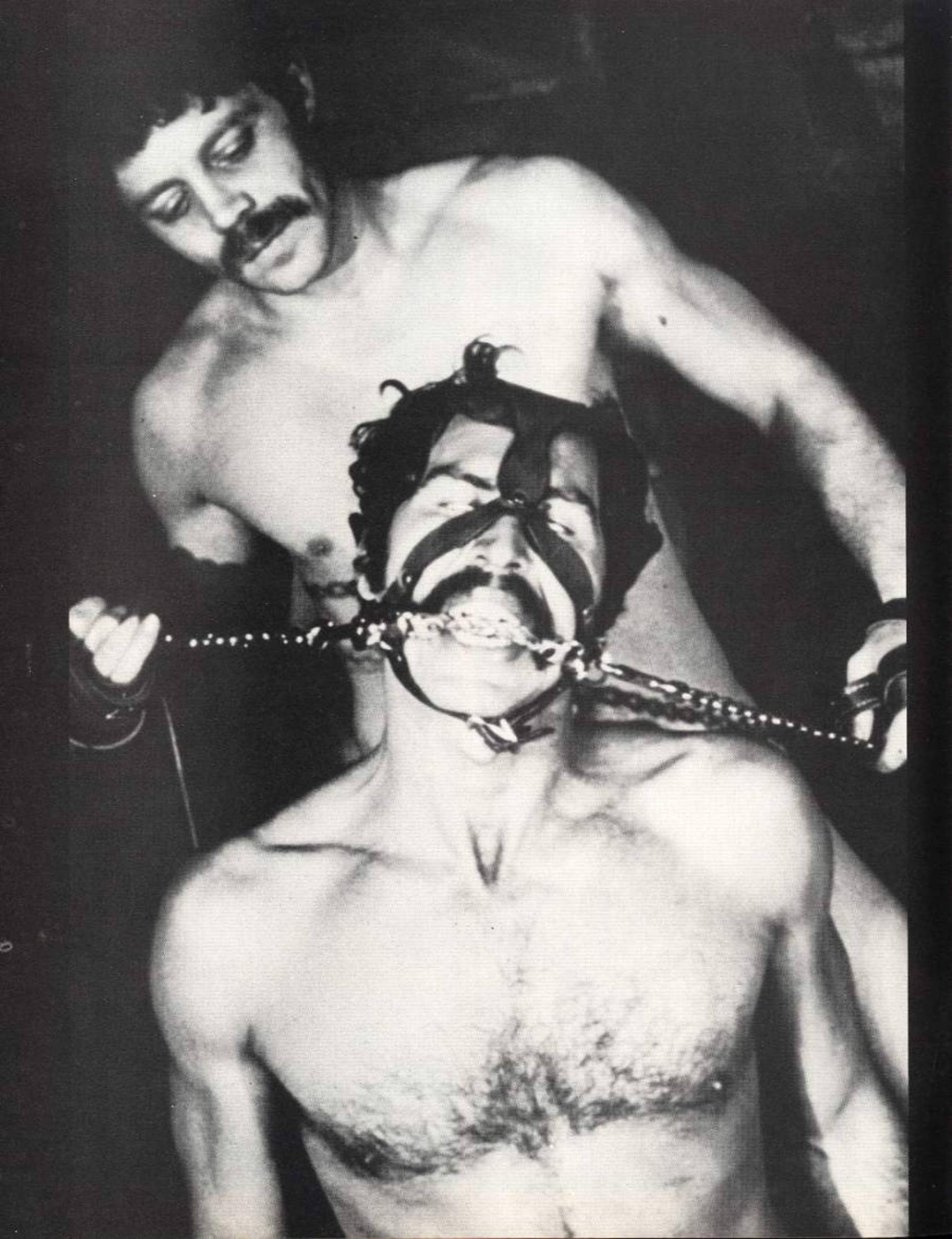


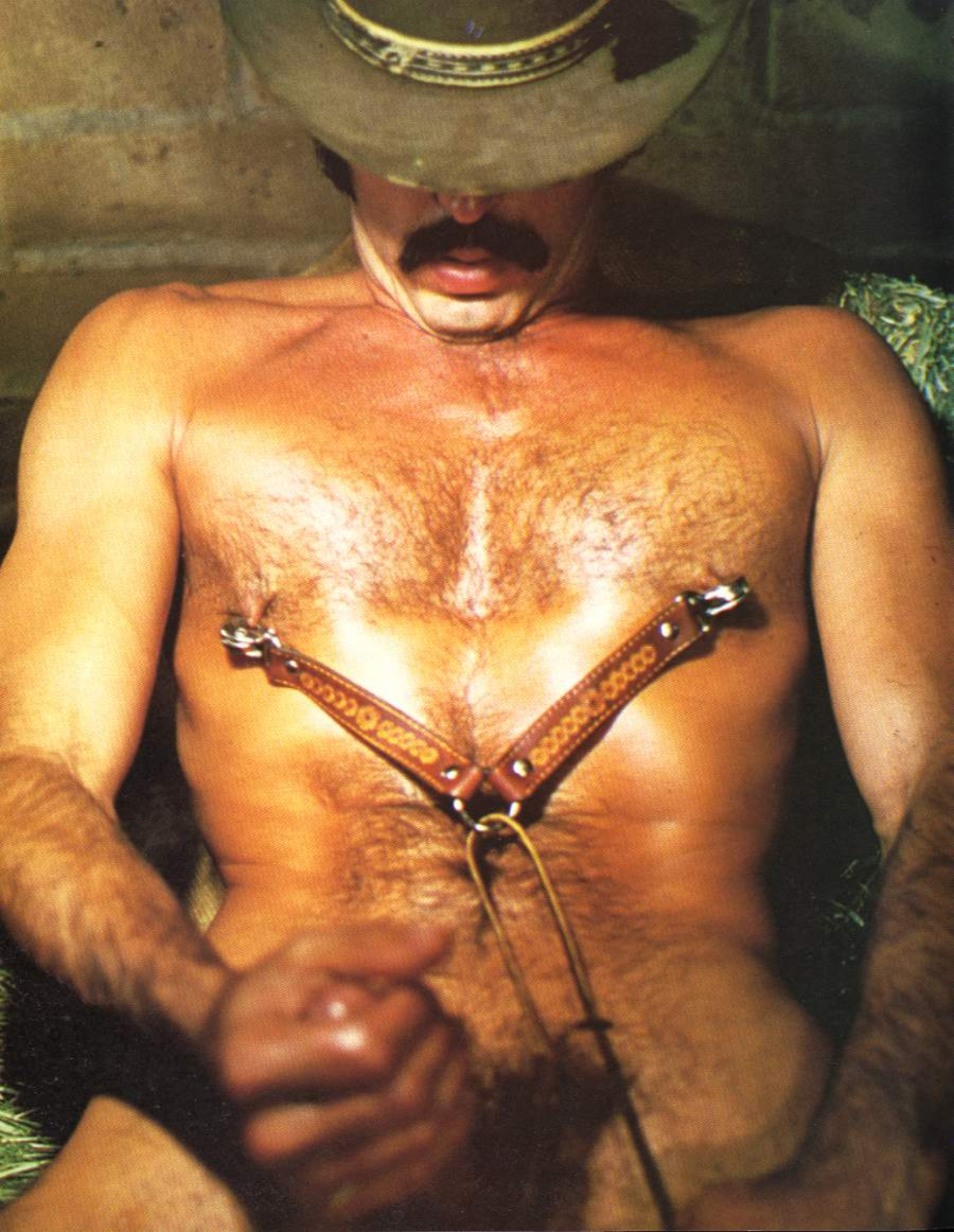




Photos by Hangin' Tree Ranch







BUNKHOUSE

the International Magazine of the Western-Levi Scene

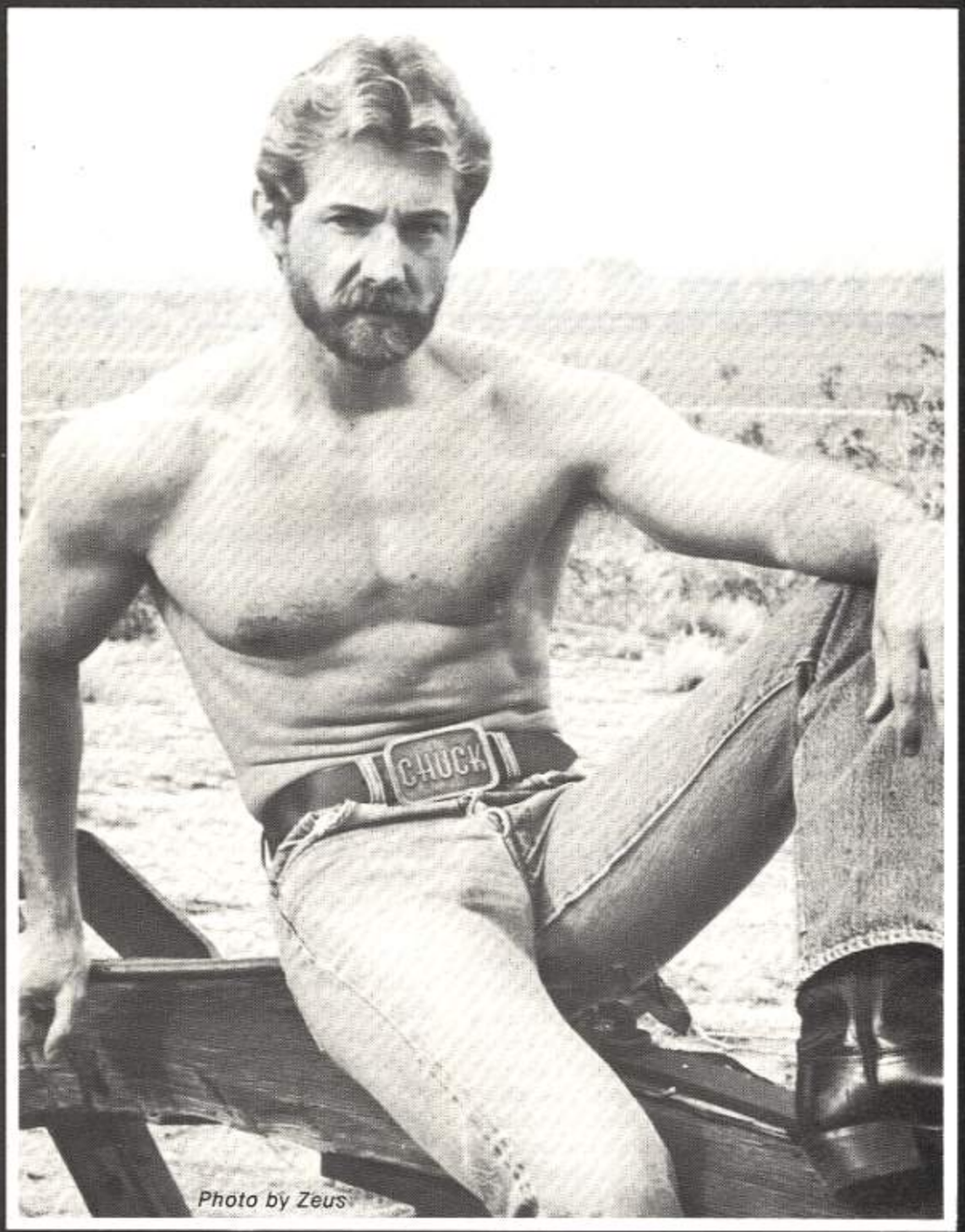


Photo by Zeus

Photo Essays

Western-Levi Fiction

Club Calendars

Hot Centerfolds

ROUNDUP: Personal Ads

Super Western Art

12 issues: $24, U.S. & Canada; $34, all other nations

1 year subscription gets you a free 40 word ROUNDUP ad

State that you are 21 or over.

BUNKHOUSE • 210 Fifth Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10010

SPURS AND DIAMONDS

by Jeff King

Saturday, 10:30 p.m.: In an apartment on New York's upper west side . . .

a man stood before a mirror, taking careful check of himself: the image reflected in the full length of the glass pleased him and he smiled. Turning profile he looked at himself even more closely - his tapered, muscled body snugly filling out the patterned western shirt and the snug, well-worn jeans. He stepped up to the mirror and hand brushed his short thick auburn hair and smoothed his thick moustache, ran his hand across his square jaw and gave a contented sigh. 'Marlboro Man' he was often called in the bars along Christopher Street. It was an image he cultivated down to the most minute of details, but at thirty-seven he looked much better than the handsome fantasy man looking toughly/seductively down from billboards all over the city.

On the bureau behind him was a bronze statue of a horse reared up on its hind legs with a clock imbedded into its flanks. The clock buzzed and the man pulled himself away from the mirror to snap it off. From the top drawer he pulled out a blue bandana and tied it about his neck, then took a red one and shoved it half way into his left pocket. He moved to the bed and sat on the edge and pulled on his heavy boots. From under the bed he produced a set of shiny spurs and snapped them firmly onto each boot. The small spur wheels spun and jangled. The man stood again and moved back to the mirror. He took a deep breath, his hard pectorals straining against the material. He undid another snap to free them and to also expose the thick coarse hair branching across his chest. A stetson dangled from one horn of a set of mounted bull horns mounted on the wall near the mirror. The man grabbed the hat and fixed it onto his head, angling it slightly to one side to cast a shadow over half his face. From his back pocket he took a pack of Marlboros and lit one, smoking slowly as he shifted his stance before the mirror. He caressed his crotch lightly with one hand until an ample bulge appeared.

Checking the clock again the man saw that it was nearly eleven o'clock and he turned and crossed into the adjoining living room. From the desk he picked up a small piece of note paper; it read — 'Saturday night, midnight, my place' and was signed 'Bric'. The man folded the paper and tossed it back onto the desk. A smile tugged at his mouth as he took his jean jacket from the back of a chair and left the apartment for the trip to the Village and West 12th Street . . .

11:00 pm: Sitting at the bar in the Ram Rod . . .

the young man leaned slightly forward and raised his hand to get the bartender's attention. This accomplished, he pointed to his empty can of Budwiser and the bartender brought him another, unsnapping it as he sat it down. The young man shifted about on his stool to watch two men playing pool. Even though it was early in the evening the bar was beginning to fill up. Most of the men around him were dressed in denim or leather or both and the young man stood out in his outfit of full Navy whites - hugging his broad shoulders, V'ing down to a tight waist, full crotch, muscled thighs. Several darkly handsome men cruised him but he politely ignored them and swung back around to rest his elbows on the bar. He drank his beer down and lit a cigarette, inhaling slowly and watching himself in the mirror. He was decidedly Italian with a swarthy complexion, dark eyes that caught light easily, straight black hair and a black moustache. He grunted a laugh as he viewed himself. The sailor suit was foreign to him, but tonight he'd been asked to convey an image, a fantasy, and after a few hours the uniform felt comfortable and he decided he liked it. He reached over and fingered the rim of his white cap as he waffed smoke from his mouth. He picked the hat up and set it on his head, tilting it back rakishly and smiled again at the image in the mirror. He ordered another beer. The clock over the bar read 11:15 and he had plenty of time before he had to be over to West 12th Street . . .

12:00 pm: In an apartment on Hudson Street . . .

the door to the glass shower stall slid open and the rangy, muscular man stepped out onto the bathmat. Billows

of steam hung in the room, glazing over the fifteen or so mirrors of various size that covered the wall across from the stall. The man stretched his heavy arms out from his sides and arched his back and took a deep breath. He relaxed and then stepped over to wipe mist from some of the mirrors. He paused to admire his physique. The placement of the mirrors afforded him disconnected views of his face, powerful shoulders and smooth pecs, rippled abdomen and wide cock, and hard, full thighs. His body gleamed with drops of water streaming down it, making him appear oiled. He turned sideways, brought his arms up and popped his biceps to full, hard roundness, tightened his pectorals and stomach. Very slowly in the steamy bathroom he turned and struck a series of poses as if before an invisible camera. Standing before his mirrors he was able to be model/cameraman/spectator all at the same time. He turned side to side with the ease of a dancer (although his body was far too laden with muscles to be that). His straight flaxen hair was swept back, giving full emphasis to his face, which was broad, square-jawed and handsome. His eyes were slightly slanted, giving him an almost Oriental look. His expression was brooding, thoughtful, sexily sinister to some, and provacative to others. Over the past few years his face and powerful body had appeared in centerfolds of several slick gay magazines, some summer fashion layouts, and more than one gay porn flick. In most of those films he had been paid handsomely to do just what he was doing now for himself - to pose, to bring himself to full erection without touching his cock (a neat trick he had discovered long ago when just the thought of someone visually worshipping his body could make his cock swell to ample hardness).

Tonight he had another performance, but he didn't know yet who his audience was to be. It would be a 'benefit performance' he reminded himself, as a favor to his friend Bric. He wondered if he would have to perform for the hungry eyes of cameras or of a human. It made no real difference. He stopped his posing and grabbed a towel and rubbed it roughly over his chest. He took his watch from the sink. It was 11:30. He replaced the watch and began to hurry. He had to be on West 12th Street by midnight . . .

11:45 pm: On Christopher Street . . .

the man made a stark image walking in his full leather gear. He was turning more than one handsome head and got more than one verbal compliment. He was short, solidly built, with a blond-brown chin strap beard. His motorcycle hat was pulled up to expose tight curly blond hair. Mirrored sunglasses covered his eyes. His heavy jacket was open and his sculptured chest was covered only with a thick mat of curly hair, much darker than that on his face and head. A studded belt was strapped tightly about his small waist and leather pants were tailored to his legs. A thick, long cock was proudly displayed down his right thigh. Heavy, strapped black boots completed the outfit.

On the right shoulder of his jacket was a patch which had bold red letters reading 'F.A.A.'. Just a brief glance at this man and even the most naive spectators could guess that he had nothing to do with Future Farmers of America. From his back left pocket trailed a severly red bandana while a set of keys jangled from a right belt loop.

As he passed Boots and Saddles two men emerged from the bar in front of him. One of the men was talking rapidly to the other and as they were moving about the man in leather, the rapid talker turned, snapped 'Hi, gorgeous', and resumed his conversation without missing a beat. The man smiled at this and continued down the street. He checked his watch and finding that it was nearly midnight moved faster. He turned off Christopher and walked rapidly toward West 12th Street. He felt good tonight and when he felt good his hands itched for action.

As he neared West 12th the leather man saw a young man in a white sailor suit enter the lobby of an apartment building . . .

12:30 am: On West 12th Street . . .

Ty Martin entered the lobby and waited as the doorman rang up to Bric's apartment to announce him. Ty hooked his thumbs into the waist of his jeans and rested back on his heels. The doorman, a short, pudgy man of indeterminable age, was taking full appraisal of Ty - head to toe, shoulder to shoulder, chest to crotch. Ty was slender, with hair so blond that in bright sun it appeared platinum, in sharp contrast to his tanned, even features and his sharp, bright blue eyes. He wore a faded jean jacket, black t-shirt, which defined his fine-toned swimmer's body, tight jeans, a red bandana out of his right back pocket and a set of keys snapped to the back middle belt loop, and scuffed construction boots. On his t-shirt was a large yellow 'H'. Small nipple rings were outlined through the shirt.

The doorman hung up the house phone and tapped the elevator call button. 'You can go up now, Mr... Uh...?'

The elevator doors opened and Ty stepped briskly inside. 'Just *Mr.* Ty will do.'

The doorman nodded thoughtfully and then, eyeing Ty's shirt asked, 'Is the *H* for Heaven?"

Ty pushed the button for the top floor and just as the doors were easing shut looked directly at the doorman, grabbed his crotch vigorously and said, 'No, it's for *Hung!*'

The doors slammed shut and the car jerked as it began its assent to the thirty-second floor.

Ty leaned against the back wall and folded his arms across his chest. On a usual Saturday night he would be cruising from one bar to another with friends and more than likely end up at The Mineshaft till morning (but he had done that last weekend and it had taken him days to recover from a three hour performance in one of the slings). Tonight he had promised Bric to forego any other plans and come to his apartment. Bric had been vague when he called Ty last Wednesday, telling him only that he had to see him Saturday night, but after twelve-thirty. As a free-lance artist, Bric didn't keep regular hours and Ty thought nothing strange about the request. Bric was a good friend and Ty would have come over to West 12th Street at four in the morning in a huricane if Bric had asked. Besides, Bric was one of the humpiest men Ty knew and if coming over tonight meant the chance to fuck with Bric he would. That was one thing they had not done since they met over two years ago. Oh, they'd been at some of the same orgies together, seen each other at the baths, but that wasn't the same to Ty. He wanted Bric on a one-to-one basis, but their separate schedules, to say nothing of involvements with various lovers, had always kept them from getting down to brass tacks when alone. And, besides, Ty didn't want to spoil their friendship by forcing anything. Bric had helped him out in a few difficult times and he admired him for that, was grateful to him. But still, if the chance offered itself and it was the right time...

The elevator lurched to a halt and after an insufferably long moment the doors opened. Ty stepped out and cross-

ed the wide carpeted hall to the single door on the floor. He put his hand up to knock when Bric, smiling warmly, opened it.

'Right on time. Come on in,' Bric said and motioned him into the small foyer. Ty followed him into the living room.

Bric was shorter than Ty and well built. He had wavy black hair and a full beard. He was wearing a shirt open to the waist showing a hairy, well defined chest. He wore jeans (tailored, Ty noticed, to hug his domed ass) and no shoes.

In the living room Bric moved to the sofa and sat on the edge by the glass coffee table and resumed rolling joints.

'Glad you made it,' Bric said as he poured grass into a folded paper and began rolling it up. 'I know it's Saturday night, Ty, but I wanted to see you.'

Ty dropped his jacket over a chair and sat on the sofa, leaned back against one arm, resting a leg up on a cushion.

Disco music was playing at a reasonable volume and filled the room from hidden speakers in every room of the eight room apartment. The two corner walls of the living room were smoked glass from ceiling to floor and offered a spacious view of the West Village and lower Manhattan. Ty was absorbed in watching cars stream down Eighth Avenue when Bric offered him a drink.

'The usual?' Bric asked.

Ty nodded and Bric disappeared into the kitchen to mix the bourbon and water.

Ty looked about him. He'd always felt comfortable here, and now with the music and low lights he relaxed and sank back into the sofa. Through the dining room he could see the open door to Bric's bedroom. The bed was against one glass wall and had a pale pin spot of light directed onto it. In the bedroom he could also see a closed door. Not knowing the layout of the place Ty might assume that this door was to a closet, but Ty knew better. It entered Bric's 'game room'. Ty sighed. He'd been shown the room but had never yet been able to try it out.

Bric came back with two glasses and handed one to Ty. Bric raised his glass, nodded a smile and they both drank. He sat back down on the sofa and resumed rolling joints.

'You expecting an army in here tonight to smoke all those?' Ty said, indicating the dozen or so joints.

Bric looked over and smiled slyly. 'Know what day this is?' he asked, purposely avoiding Ty's question.

Ty looked at him and thought a moment. 'No,' he answered finally.

Bric laughed. He lit one of the joints, inhaled deeply and passed it to Ty, who did the same.

'Well, Ty buddy, *I* know what day it is. It's your birthday.'

Ty exhaled the smoke slowly. He'd honestly forgotten all about it. Birthdays were never big things with Ty and he never bothered celebrating them.

'How'd you know?'

'I get around...' Bric inhaled the joint again. It's not just your birthday, Ty. It's your thirtieth birthday.'

'That's right, but what difference does that make?'

'Because it's the big one, the one you're supposed to remember. I've got a little surprise for you.'

Before Ty could say anything more Bric handed him the joint and lit another for himself. 'The dope's laced with opium, so it should hit you right away.'

Even as he spoke Ty felt a light, pleasant dizziness coming over him. He unlaced his boots and kicked them off. Bric got up and turned up the volume of the music so that it flooded every corner of the apartment. When he returned to the sofa he took off his shirt and dropped it on the floor. His nipples were large, sensual and mentally Ty licked over them from one pec to the other. The thought of actually doing it caused his cock to strain against his jeans. Bric noticed this and again smiled his sly, friendly smile.

On the coffee table was a small wooden box. Bric pulled it over and opened it. It was filled with cocaine, a small razor blade lying on the top with two three-inch straws. Removing the straws and blade Bric put a small amount of the coke on the table. He cut it deftly with the razor and then handed Ty one of the straws. He made two lines and they both leaned forward and snorted the table clean. Bric repeated the ritual in quick succession and they snorted again.

Ty rested back into the sofa. His erection was pushing up harder than ever now. He looked over at Bric, who was probably just as stoned as he was but appeared relaxed, and ran his hand over the man's thigh.

'All right, Bric,' Ty said in a low, steady voice. 'What's this surprise you got in store for me?'

Bric took Ty's hand and rubbed it into his crotch. 'In all due time.'

Ty nodded and forestalled any more questions as they talked for a while about what they had been doing lately and what was going on in town. The music faded from Donna Summer to Grace Jones to Pablo Cruz and then to groups Ty didn't recognize. They smoked another joint, snorted some more coke.

When they finished their drinks Bric stood and motioned Ty to follow him as he headed for the bedroom. Ty stood up, none too steadily, and followed his short hunky friend.

But, Bric didn't go for the bed though. Instead he turned and went to the game room door. He turned to Ty and winked. A smile breathed across Ty's mouth. Bric opened the door and entered.

The room was large, with heavy wall-to-wall carpet. The walls were windowless and covered solidly with mirror. Track lighting bathed the room in soft, erotic shadowing. In the middle of the room was a large bed resting on a low wooden platform, with a spot of amber light bathing it's center. Beside the bed were laid out several dildos of varying length and thickness, two amber bottles of amyl, a butt plug, another, opened, small box of coke, and a three pound can of Crisco.

Bric grabbed up one bottle of amyl, unscrewed the cap and inhaled it through his mouth. He held it up to Ty to do the same. Ty's head reeled and his thoughts scattered and caught themselves up in the now pulsating music. Bric recapped the bottle and dropped it by the bed. He reached over and undid Ty's belt and pulled down the zipper. Then he peeled Ty's shirt off and tossed it aside before he tugged Ty's jeans down, pulled them over his feet along with the heavy woolen socks. Ty's cock, long and standing straight out, brushed against the hair on Bric's stomach. Bric carefully refrained from touching Ty other than removing his clothes.

In a deep even tone Bric said, 'Lie on the bed.'

Ty did, fully expecting Bric to climb in beside him. But Bric walked to the door and turned to him. 'Stay here. I'll be back in a while.'

The door closed and Ty was completely alone.

Ty took another hit of the poppers and then straightened his lean, smooth body against the cool sheets. The music came up a little and he imagined that Bric was in the other room adjusting the sound and probably putting a tape on

continued on page 54

BODY & GENITAL PIERCING

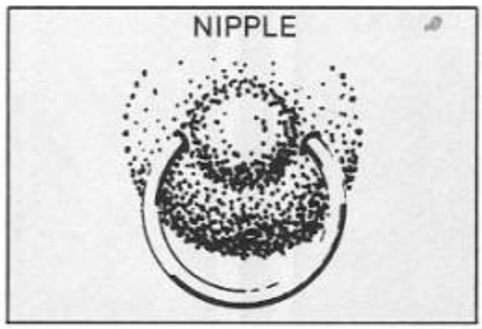
by Doug Malloy, *Master Piercer*

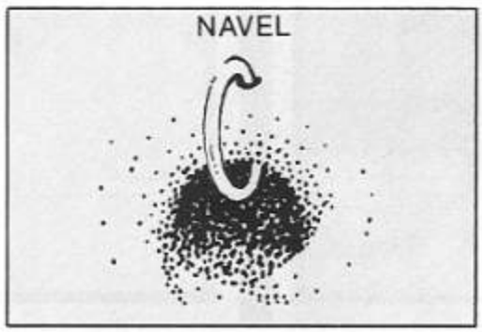
Piercing of the body, for a variety of reasons, is an ancient, if not always venerable art. For many years an underground phenomenon, it is at last emerging into the light.

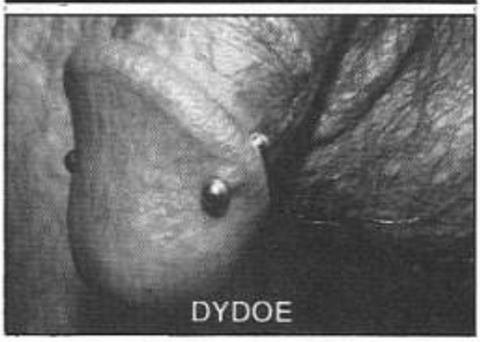
Piercing of the nipples is not really new. The proud Roman centurions, Caesar's bodyguard, wore nipple rings as a sign of their virility and courage, and as a dress accessory for holding their short capes. The practice was also quite common among society girls of the Victorian era to enhance the size and shape of the nipples. Today the lure of piercing is primarily a sexual one. It provides a mechanical "tit"-ilation achieved by no other means. For many, especially the men and women into the bondage and discipline, and S & M scenes, there is a tremendous psychological turn-on. Where possible, piercing should be professionally done as placement determines the nipple's development, shape and aesthetic effect. While difficult to obtain unless one knows a sympathetic doctor, anesthetics are available for the faint-of-heart. Healing normally takes 6 to 8 weeks and is quickest where a retainer with straight post is used.

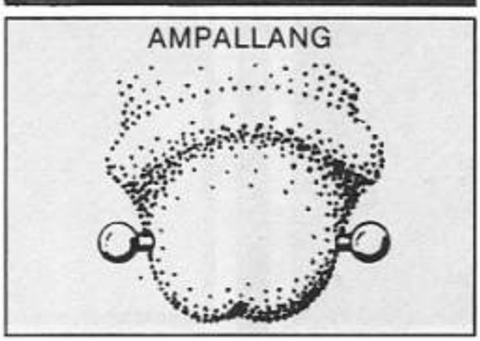
Navel piercing, a sign of royality to the ancient Egyptians, was something denied commoners. Hence, a deep navel was highly prized. But times change. Today this piercing is becoming increasingly popular especially with young swingers of the "In" set, male and female. Possible only to those with a well shaped navel, the piercing usually done through the little flap of skin above the opening and retained with a ring during healing, usually 4 to 6 weeks. Later the ring may be replaced by a decorative stud or bangle selected to suit the wearer's fancy. While not a sexually functional piercing, the visual effect is sensual and directs the viewers attention to the pelvic area.

The *Prince Albert*, called a "dressing ring" by Victorian habardashers, was originally used to firmly secure the male genitalia in either the left or right pant leg during that era's craze for extremely tight, crotch-binding trousers, thus minimizing a man's natural endowment. Legend has it that Prince Albert wore such a ring to retract his foreskin and thus keep his member sweet-smelling so as not to offend the Queen. Today its function is strictly erotic, providing the ultimate in sexual pleasure to men of both persuasions. Piercing is through the urethra at the base of the penis head. The procedure is quick; the pain, minimal; the healing rapid; and the pleasure, lifelong.







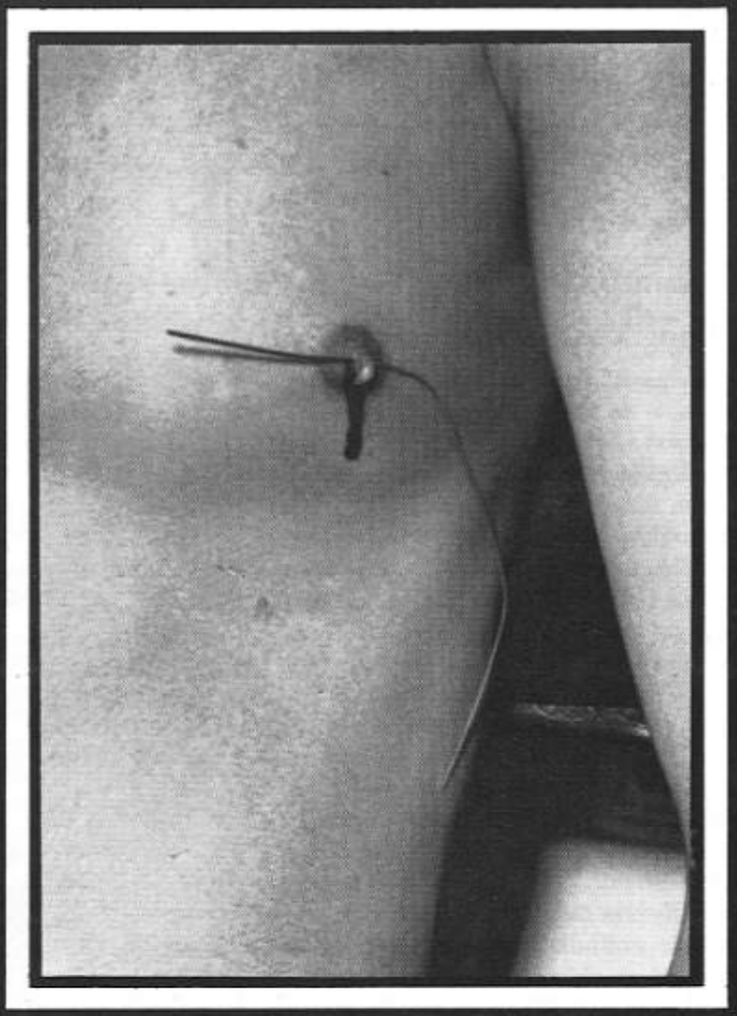


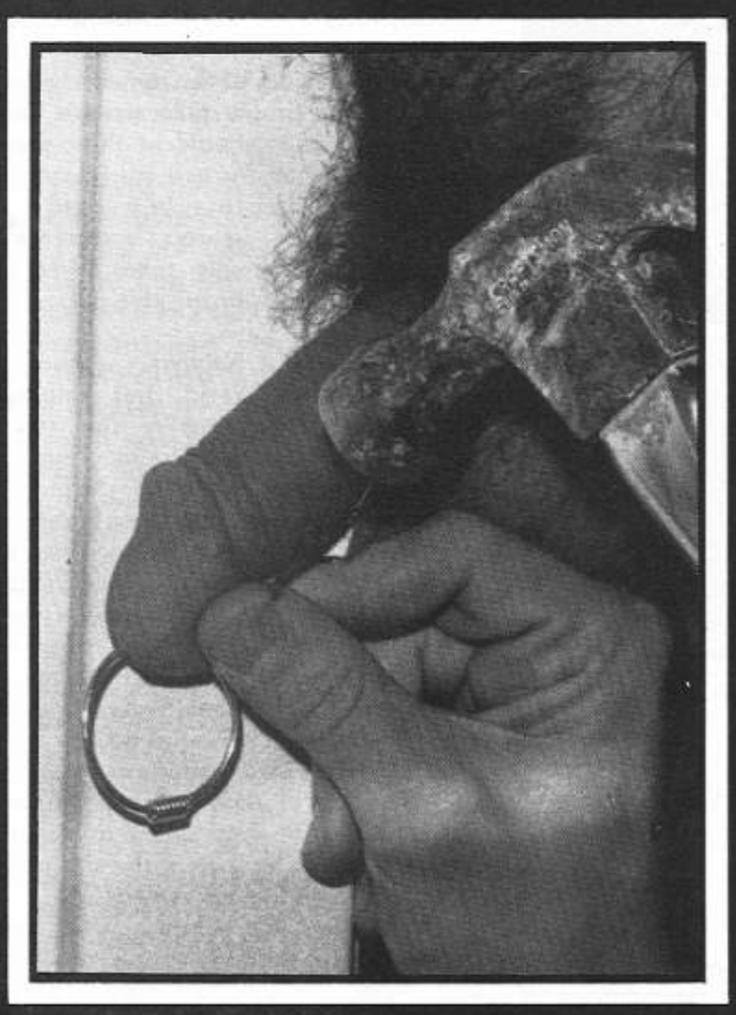
The use of *dydoes* seems to be of fairly recent origin. As they return much of the sensation lost with the foreskin, their emergence corresponds with the widespread practice of circumcision. Nor does the man alone benefit. During intercourse his *dydoes* provide delightful vaginal stimulation for his consort. The flagging sexual interest in many relationships has been revived with the use of these devices. Piercing is done through both sides of the upper edge of the glans. As proper placement is imperative, piercing should be done professionally. Small barbell studs, rings, "D" rings, or clamps may be inserted according to the wearers preference. While healing usually takes 4 to 6 weeks, continence during this period is not necessary.

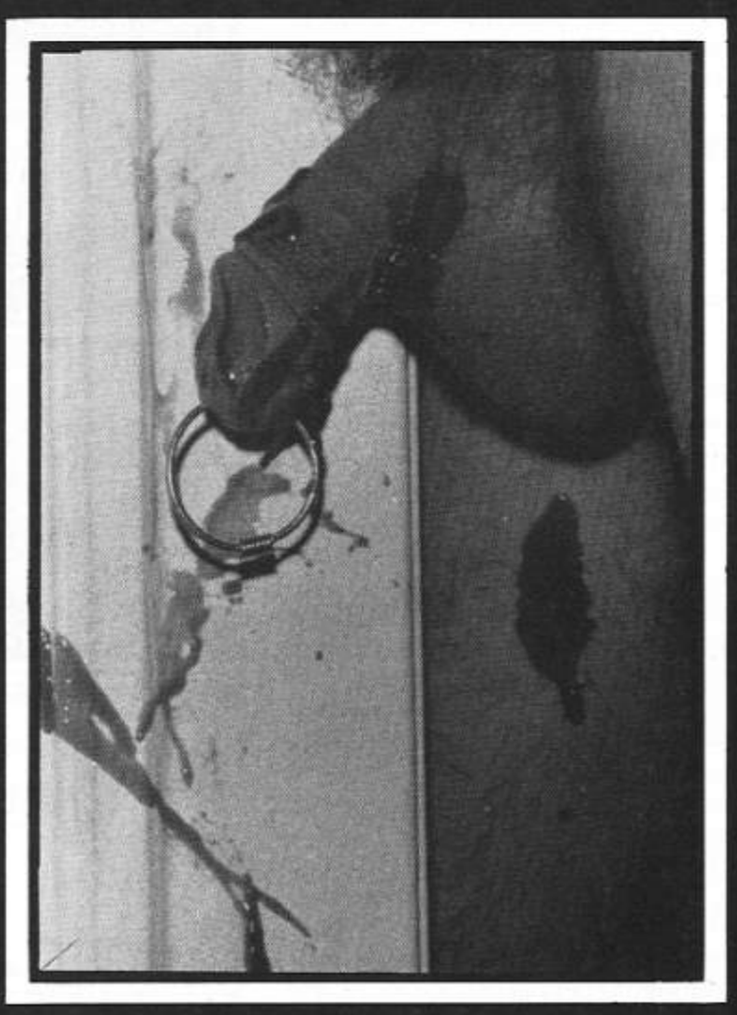
The *ampallang*, relatively unknown to the Western World, but gaining foothold, is indigenous to the areas surrounding the Indian Ocean. Though sometimes done in childhood, the piercing is usually done as part of a puberty rite, the service being performed by an old woman who places the *ampallang* horizontally through the center of the head of the penis above the urethra. A metal bar retained with metal discs may be used or studs of bone, ivory, or even gold, if the man is well-to-do. As this sexual device greatly enhances the sensual pleasure of both partners, many women may deny intercourse to a man not so pierced, or specify the size *ampallang* he should wear if he is.

As described in the *Kama Sutra*, the ancient classic Hindu treatise on love and social conduct, the *apadratya* is

Photos by Doug Malloy/Courtesy of Jim Ward







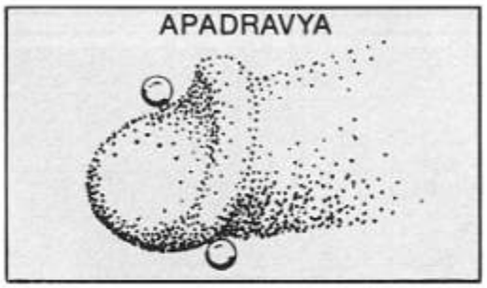
Photos by Ollie

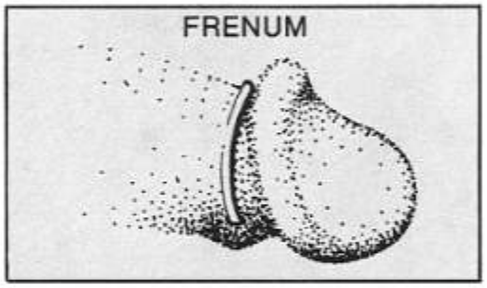
any one of a number of devices (antique "French ticklers" and/or dildoes, if you will) used during intercourse to excite the woman. Among the Dravidian people of southern India, the word also refers to the device worn through the pierced male member. The piercing is generally vertical through the penis shaft behind the head, but sometimes in the head itself. It should be noted that this piercing is neither common or widespread.

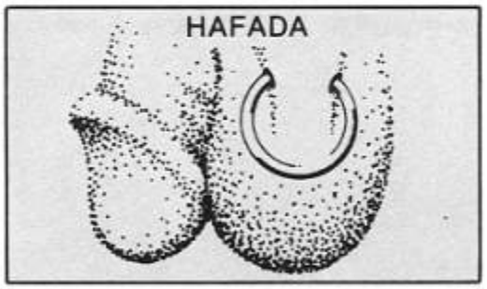
Piercing of the frenum, the loose piece of flesh beneath the penis head, is of European origin, having served, strange to say, the extremes of both chastity and sexual stimulation. A pad lock through the frenum will prevent copulation. A special chastity device called a *Franey cage,* secured at one end through the frenum and at the other through a second piercing at the base of the penis, prevents even mastubation. By contrast, a ring which passes through the piercing and encircles the head, fitting snuggly but comfortably in the groove around the glans when the penis is flacid, can be extremely erotic, acting to increase erection, much like a cock ring. Many men sleep with the ring flipped down over the middle finger. Ring size is important, measurement being readily obtained using a draftman's circle template. Piercing is quick and simple, and healing rapid.

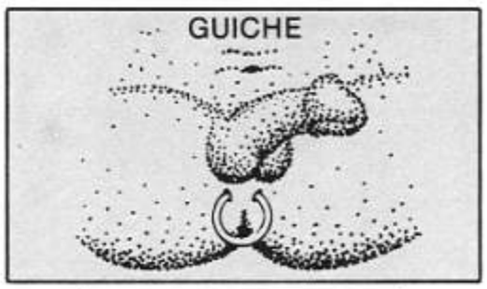
It is a proud day in the life of an Arab youth when he achieves manhood. A stag party "rite of passage" is arranged by his male relatives and friends, and one of his gifts will be a silver stud or perhaps a ring or clasp. At a ceremonial piercing this will be inserted through the left side of the scrotum between the testicle and the base of the penis. Believed to prevent the testes from ever returning to the groin from whence they descended in childhood, the *hafada*, as it is called, gives visual evidence that the youth is now and forever a man. Wealthy Arabs eventually install *hafadas* set with precious stones, the most highly prized (at least in the Persian Gulf area) being the Kuwait pearl. French Foreign Legionaires have returned from North Africa wearing this genital adornment, usually only on the left side, but occasionally on both. Piercing is quick and not particularly painful, although the healing period is somewhat prolonged. While not the most erotic of piercings, it does provide some stimulation when stroked.

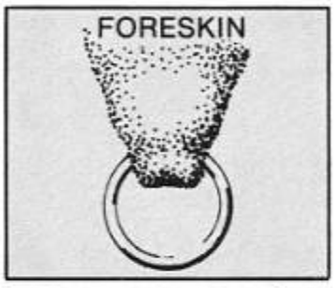
Even today the *guiche* (pronounced "geesh") is very common among the

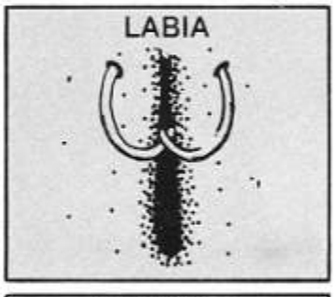


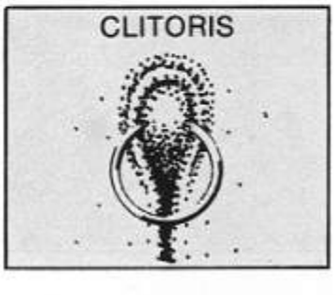








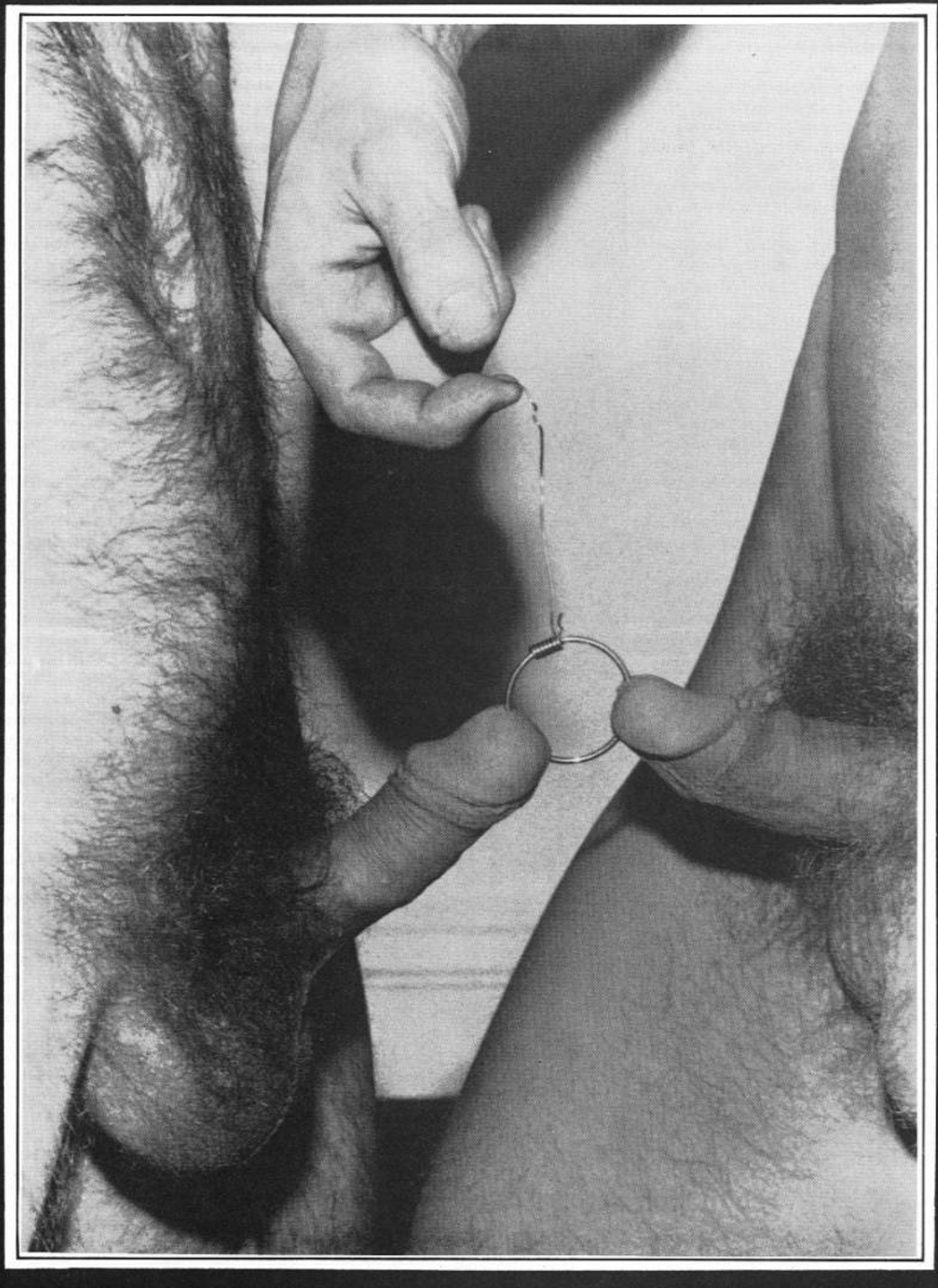




male natives of the South Pacific. The piercing is done, usually at puberty, through the *raphe perinei,* the ridge of skin between the scrotum and the anus, at what would be the inseam. A knife point is used to make the hole, more accurately a tiny slit, and a rawhide thong is placed in it. Less primitive individuals who have adopted this highly sensual device use more conventional piercing tools with ring or stud retainers. Either way, when healing is complete (usually 6 to 8 weeks), a bangle is attached which enhances sensation and provides a convenient grip. The *guiche* is one of the more erotic piercings and Westerners can benefit from its adoption. Light pressure applied to the piercing greatly increases arousal and gentle tugging on the banle at climax prolongs and intensifies orgasm. Anyone desiring this piercing is advised to consult an experienced piercer as placement is of great importance.

While piercing is primarily done for erotic reasons, it has often been used to prohibit sexual indulgence—though to those of the bondage and discipline persuasion, even such restraint is doubtless erotic. When used for purposes of chastity it is commonly called infibulation, and both men and women have been its victims. Ancient Roman male slaves were often subjected to the practice, some form of device being locked through the perforated foreskin. With women the device was inserted through the labia. Though both piercings are not uncommon today, they less often imply chastity. In Europe the genital ring is vying with the finger ring as the symbol of betrothal. The man has his fiancee's labia pierced and ringed; and she his frenum, usually at the same appointment. Through their mutual pain a more intense commitment has been made. It should be mentioned in passing that piercing of the clitoris, while rarely seen, is also being done by some women who are very much into the scene. Though not particularly functional in a sexual sense, it is an eye catching place to display ornaments. As with most piercings, those considering any such "needlework" are advised to consult an experienced piercer.

Mr. Malloy is a piercing master with many years experience. He is the author of many articles and a book on the subject, and is currently working on a comprehensive study of this, his consuming passion.



THE ADVENTURES OF A PIERCING FREAK

by Doug Malloy

What makes me a piercing freak? Hell, I was born one. There's always been something in my genes making me turn on to piercings. This is the story of my adventures. All of my piercings are for a purpose. They enhance my sexual equipment or, at least, call attention to my sexual desires. Some people get pierced for different reasons—vanity, bravado, symbols. Not me, and none of my piercings have been stretched as some piercing freaks do. My holes are what they call "sleeper size", which serves my purposes just fine.

These are permissive times. Wear an earring (or two or three), if you feel like it. To hell with convention! This is the Aquarian Age. Recently there has been lots of evidence that piercing freaks do exist, and plenty of them. Maybe this article will turn more of you on.

When I was about three years old, I first noticed that some people had unusual ornaments in their earlobes. I was so fascinated that I asked a lady visiting our house to remove her earrings and put them on me. My mother was horrified and told me to keep my mouth shut and never think, much less say, such awful things again.

In my pre-adolescent days I spent many evenings at the local library looking through the old volumes of National Geographic to find examples of native piercings. I carried around a little notebook for quick access to my favorite piercing styles. Of course all natives were draped for the photographer, but in my fantasies I mentally undressed them.

About that time I found a glass-headed corsage pin that I stuck through the skin of my balls. Wow, that was a thrill and it really didn't hurt much. Besides it looked good on my skin. Saturday night was bath night and my corsage pin got the same workout I did. My mother couldn't understand why it took me so long to take a bath.

When I was twelve years old we moved to a very small town. We lived next door to my mother's older sister, a dominant, strong-willed woman. Her son, Lloyd, six years older than I, had had a terrible case of measles at age three or four which affected his eyes. Aunt Bertha was determined that her only son would have normal eyesight. There has always been an old wives' tale that putting gold rings in the earlobes "strengthens weak eyes." Aunt Bertha ordered a pair of gold ear sleepers for Lloyd from the Sears Roebuck catalog. The local lady "ear piercer" arrived on Saturday afternoon. Of course, I was there to watch the act. Wild horses couldn't have kept me away. Lloyd was perched on the kitchen stool and the lady went to work on his ears. As my eighteen-year-old, hairy-chested cousin was forced to submit to such "indignities," I was getting such a tremendous thrill from the whole experience that I shot my little wad.

I was disappointed that Mrs. Stevenson (the piercing lady) did not immediately insert the gold rings. Instead she used a darning needle to make the hole, then followed that with a broom-straw "as a retainer," as she called it. The following Saturday Mrs. Stevenson came to check her handiwork. She apparently was satisfied, so the retainers were extracted, leaving little holes in Lloyd's ear lobes. Pleased with Lloyd's healed ear-piercing, the gold sleepers were permanently put in the holes. What a thrill I got out of that experience. I wished I had been the one with weak eyes.

After Lloyd's experience I got in the habit of looking at the ear lobes of people I met, even before looking into their faces. Usually the ear lobes told me more than the face. If the lobes had been tampered with, I wanted to know them better.

My high school days passed slowly. I continued to dream of piercings and other forms of body adornment, but was too timid or shy to do anything except to fantasize. One of my high school classmates went to the city and got a tattoo. I'd have had one also but there were no tattoo artists operating in my small town.

My world suddenly expanded when I went away to the state university with the intention of becoming a marine biologist. Being a good student, I got along well in the dorm and with other roommates. I was physically big, muscular and strong, even rugged, and had been a championship swimmer in my high school days. At the end of my freshman year, one of the professors who liked me, arranged for me to be on his team of shallow-water divers for the three summer months. We were to examine harbor pilings for marine worms which were eating the docks. We were also supposedly planting seed oysters shipped from Japan to start new oyster beds.

I was assigned to an area to be surveyed where regular divers were working and they issued my diving gear: woolen underwear, rubberized canvas, dry-diving suit and helmet. I was to learn much before that summer was out.

The pay was a fabulous $2.50 per hour "down time" which means when you are actually under water. "Up time" doesn't count. I was a reasonably good diver, but I didn't realize that the gurgling of the water around my suit would make me want to piss constantly. Maybe it was psychological, but the first week I

was up more than I was down. In that old style dry-suit diving, it's a terrible thing to foul your diving suit. You have to flush it out and it takes a couple of days to dry it, so any error would cost you money.

One of the regular divers, Kurt, only a few years older than I helped me out. He told me to send to the city for a man's rubber urinal which holds the cock and balls and attaches to a rubber tube down your leg to a bladder strapped to the calf of your leg. It came and it also worked. I was able to stay down for longer periods and enjoyed my work for the first week. However, the thing irritated my cock and balls so much they became a bloody mess. I used all the Vaseline I could find, but the oil base dissolved the rubber sheath that encloses the whole genital area. I became very discouraged. My world seemed to collapse. It had seemed like such a good job, not to mention the fantastic pay.

It finally dawned on me that the other divers must have had the same problem, thus there must be a solution. Fortunately I found it, the hard way. I told Kurt about my problem and he assured me there was a solution if I was willing to submit to a small operation. He called me into his bedroom in the bunkhouse, undressed, and showed me the gold ring, he wore through the under side of the head of his cock. It went through the urethrea, and angled back toward the frenulum. It was a thick ring about 5/8" in diameter. The regular divers didn't use the typical rubber male genital bag requiring straps and buckles. Instead, they pierced their cocks with the gold ring and attached a very small rubber nipple over the tip of the cock, with the ring inside. The nipple was internally secured to the gold ring. The nipple cut fit snugly and was attached to the rubber tube making it urine-proof. The entire scrotum and cock were kept free and ventilated without constant chafing.

Kurt told me all about the piercing procedure used by so many of the sea-divers of Scandinavian parentage. His father also wore a gold ring and Kurt got his piercing when he was only sixteen years old. The piercing is from the inside through the piss-hole and down, where at the base of the glans there is a natural place for the hole, thick tissue, not very sensitive and able to take considerable abuse before tearing. They use a small curved sail needle, typical of the salt-water sailors.

My head was in a whirl. I was groggy with delight. To be pierced for a useful purpose was too good to be true. My fondest dream seemed to be coming true. I asked Kurt if he would do the piercing for me. He said he would but he would prefer to have me ask Ole, an older Swede who had more experience. He was sort of the elder statesman of the group and Kurt felt it would be politic if I'd ask him.

Ole was away from our base of operation on another assignment but was due back in four or five days. Those four or five days seemed like a month as I anticipated the thrilling prospect of my first piercing.

The afternoon Ole came home, I popped the question to him. "Ya, I'd pierce your cock," he said in his thick Swedish accent, "tonight, if you want it." I said, "Ya, tonight, I'm sure I'll be a better man for it."

During dinner in the mess hall I hardly ate. Ole puffed on his pipe, one pipeful after another. How could I stand it any longer? Finally he stood up, knocked out the ashes from his pipe and said, "Come on, kid," and I followed him to his room.

In my enthusiasm I had not realized that Ole had been drinking all day. Ole motioned for me to sit on the only chair and he sat on the bed. I took my cock out for him to look over. I've always been big for my age (then nineteen). I was reasonably well-hung and circumcised at birth. Most of the Swedes went uncut with their ring keeping their foreskins retracted.

Kurt wandered in and saw Ole examining me and they discussed the placement and procedure. I wasn't afraid of the pain of the piercing but Ole's breath about knocked me out anyway, without any anesthesia. Each time he exhaled I had to hold my breath.

After considerable deliberation and discussion Ole went to his dresser and brought out a tin tobacco box. Out came a medium-sized, curved sail needle and threaded it with heavy black thread. Kurt held my cock while Ole went at it. I was on cloud nine and shot my wad before Ole actually touched me. I had to excuse myself and get cleaned up before continuing.

The next few minutes were sheer disaster. Ole's hand had the shakes and his vision was blurry. The first point of contact with the needle was a long way from target. There were several misdirected jabs and I got less and less enthusiastic about the whole idea. Finally Kurt stepped in and offered Ole a beer. Ole gladly accepted and stood aside while Kurt went about the business of piercing my cock. Kurt's steady hand and expertise, the whole project was neatly finished within a few minutes. There was no great pain, just a steady pressure from inside and soon the point of the needle was visible, at the perfect place for it. Pushing a little more, the whole needle came through and Kurt "rattled" it (worked it back and forth) to stretch the newly-pierced hole.

After the "rattling" process the needle slipped through easily and brought with it the double thread. Kurt made a large loop and knotted the ends. He told me to move the threat from end to end several times a day. The only discomfort was a slight sting when I pissed. It was amazing how quickly the piercing healed. It seemed like it was less than a week.

About ten days after the piercing, and the next chance we had to get into town and visit the jeweler, Kurt went with me and bought the gold ring to fit me. It was a little ring that I wore for many years. It really became a part of me. Since then I've replaced it with a new ring, but there will always be a ring of some sort down there.

In the meantime Kurt modified my rubber urinal. He cut it down to use just the very end of it, just enough to cover the end of my cock. From the inside of the rubber cup they attached a rubber band to hold the head of the cock in the cup with a small hook inside my newly-installed ring. It was all very, very clever, and a delightful sensation.

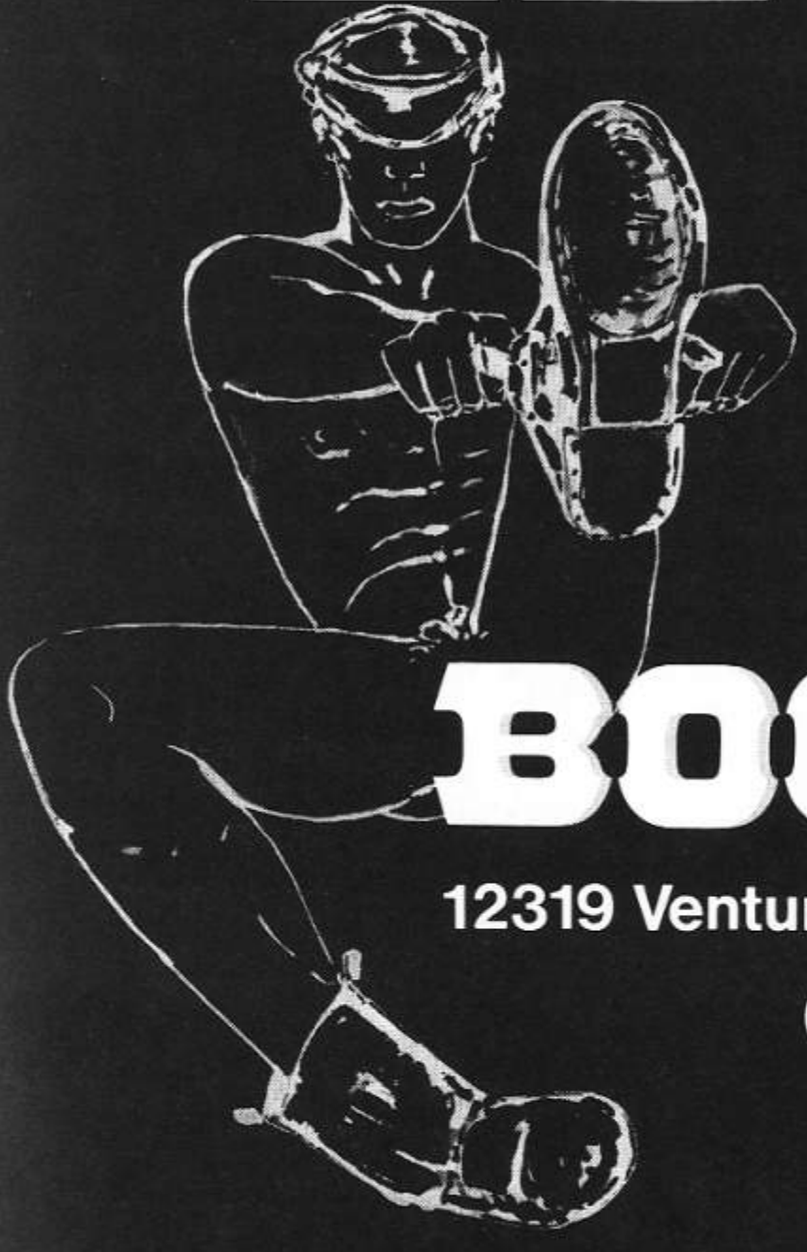
There was no further discomfort. It was a perfect solution to the problem. There is also another happy side to this encounter. I like to fuck as well as the next guy, and on Saturday evenings when we went into town, the girls were very anxious to meet us. The divers had a reputation for being great sex. We fellows with gold rings that tickled. I'd get laid three times a Saturday night without half trying. That gold ring was wild!

Later I learned that such a piercing was called a "Prince Albert"—named after the husband of Queen Victoria. The historians say that Albert wore one to retract his foreskin to keep it from becoming "foul-smelling" when he visited the Queen. True or otherwise, it makes an interesting story.

Before I knew it, it was Labor Day and time to start back to school. My sophomore year was uneventful but

continued on page 42

HOT HOT



LEATHER WESTERN UNIFORM

BOOTS

12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, Calif.

(213) 769·9400

PLENTY OF FREE PARKING
IN REAR ON VENTURA CT.

MON–FRI 4pm-2am SAT and SUN 2pm-2am

AFTERHOURS NIGHTLY TILL 5A.M.

NEVER A DOOR CHARGE

Poetry of Dave Scott

RIDIN'

I'm ridin' high
Tooled leather pressing my crotch
Hard against aching balls.
Legs wide, stirrup bound
Ridin' high and ridin' fast.
Reins held tightly, gloved hand worn soft
Bare chest bent, wind in the eyes
Ridin' fast, I'm headin' home.
Hat pulled low, shielding eyes
Against red flares of horizontal sunset.
Legs warm against hard hide
Steaming in the evening chill.
A gentle canter across wide meadows,
My body feeling each hoof beat
The warmth and power beneath me.
I urge him on past newly mended fences
Barbed wire gleaming in twilights long shadows.
The air filled with the cool smell of bruised grass.
Now pounding hooves flash beneath me,
The sound driven deep into my groin
The heavy rhythm pounding in my blood
Every nerve alive, on fire.
With one hand I hold reins pulled taut
The other rips at swollen crotch
Pulling apart straining buttons
Smooth deerskin gloves against tender flesh
I hold my throbbing prick.
The movement of the gallop sets the pace.
Head back hat low I watch
As pounding hooves send jets of white
High in the rushing wind
Falling in thick pools on smooth worn saddle
Dripping on carved dusty boots.
Smoke rises from distant chimney
I'm almost home
And you with anxious tongue are waiting
To mount and lick saddle still warm
Boots still stirrup bound.
And then before a crackling fire
We will make love
Till I ride again.

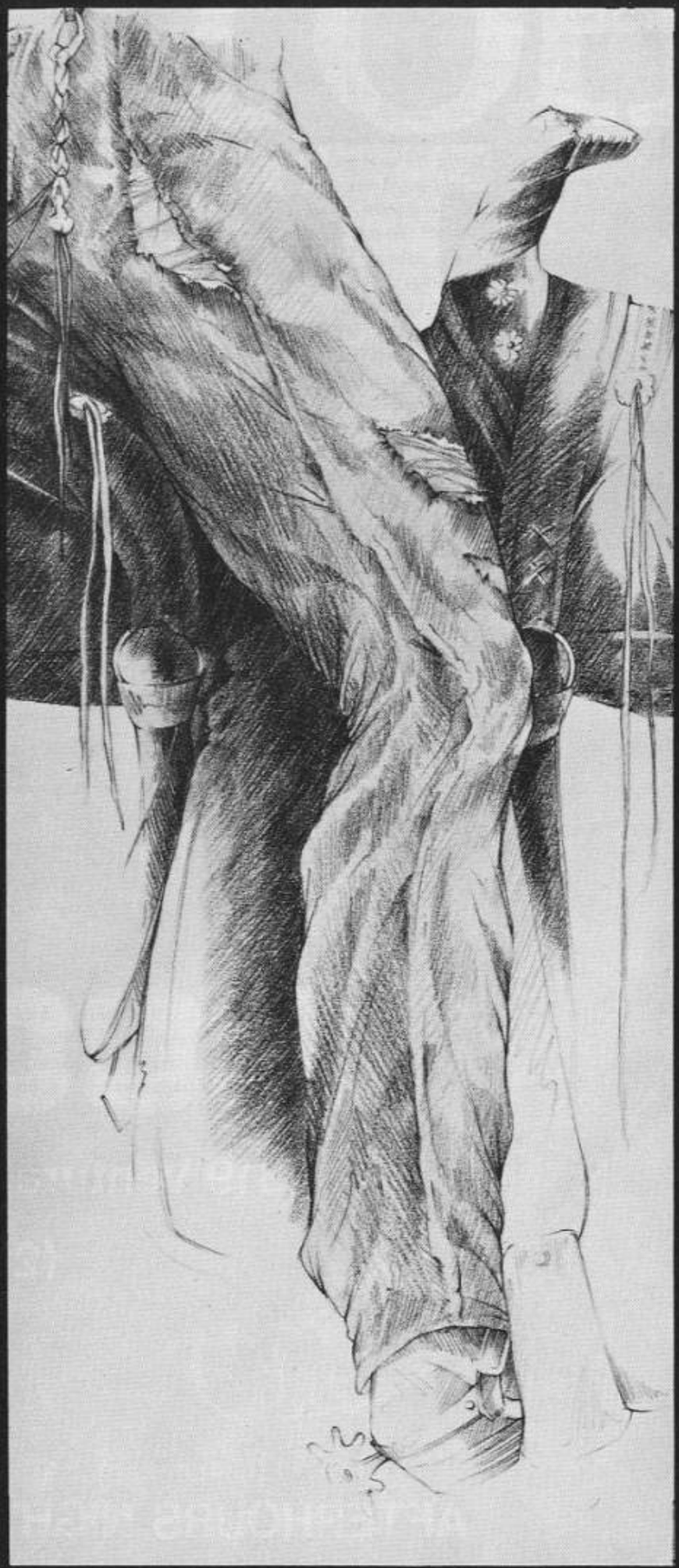


Illustration by Kas Sable/Photography by D. James Dee

FOR I HAVE GIVEN YOU MY LOVE

We are walking in the woods
And I feel
The need to piss.
Your mouth parts
Wet and knowing
And slowly
I unbutton my fly.
As the pain in my groin
That sweet pain grows
The urge to piss
Stands the hairs
On the back of my hands.
My fingers dig
Into levis
Already damp with sweat.
Your eyes unblinking
unwavering pleading
Hypnotized.
Strong fingers
Pull forth pulsing hotness
Past frayed denim
Past buttons
Rusted with piss.
We have stopped
By a large oak tree
And I
With one grasp one pull
Reach down
To you up-turned
And rip the shirt from your chest.
Nipples exposed rising
Sweat
Running in thin streaks.
Your back
Against rough bark
Knees apart
The dampness of excitement
Slowly spreading
On tightened crotch.
Sun rays glint
On beads of sweat
Clinging to tufts
Of bronzed cock hair
Heavy veined
Half arcing
Golden in the light
My piss filled prick
Reaches out
Toward your mouth
Glistening
With a dampness of its own.
No thin flow
No few first drops
But steaming hard
A heavy stream
Splashes your upturned face
Beard soaked.
Blinded but a moment
Your startled tongue
Reaches out
Desperately searching
Licking
Sucking.
Strong fingers locked
Mouth-widening
Entwined in thick hair.
Strong fingers push
Your too willing mouth
Toward the stream.
Lips firm
Mouth wide
You grasp my cockhead
Into
The slick of your throat.
Drinking deeply -
You are content
For I
Have given you my love.

YOU SHOULD A SLOWED DOWN

I was toolin out of Dallas feelin no pain.
The sky was all yellow and it started to rain.
The highways were startin to get real slick
And you was up front a playin with my dick.
I said slow down there man, slow down.

Hell there's nothin like a real good blow
Jist takin yur time and a goin real slow
And I'm sittin there jist watchin the road
An you're on your knees a workin for a load.
I said slow down there man, I said slow down.

Well a ten ton mother come shootin round a curve
I started cussin, well it takes a lotta nerve
To swing that thing out over the line
While you're on yur knees a swingin on mine
Buddy you'd better slow down.

I was feelin that gism, it was startin to rise
Knowin that load would bring tears to yur eyes
When I noticed a turn we was goin a have to take
And I pushed my boot down real hard on the brake.
Slow down, slow down, slow down.

Shit! I shot my load right then and there
The ole van a spinnin, two wheels in the air.
Yur throat was full, my lips real dry
Cause I knew right then we was goin a die.

Now I know that God's got a movin van
And I'm goin on up to give em a hand.
And buddy, I know that you'll be aroun
Cause like I said: You should a slowed down.

Touché

CHICAGO

CHICAGO COSSACKS

TRADEWINDS CHICAGO

call 929-3269 at 2825 N. LINCOLN

Le Salon has it!

San Francisco's one and only *Le Salon* presents the best in exciting SM toys, magazines, and films.

master charge BANKAMERICARD

Telecredit Inc.

Le Salon

1118 POLK STREET SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA 94109

(between Sutter and Post) OPEN 7 DAYS, 8a.m. to 2a.m.

The David Carter Story

by Mark Stinell

Bodybuilder/author/fitness expert David Carter has established the first modeling studio owned and operated by competitive bodybuilders. He has assembled a collection of the world's best developed men for the pleasure of his customers. David, however, was not always involved in bodybuilding. His story is a very interesting one, and one about which we think you would enjoy reading.

Photos by David Carter Studios

David Carter grew up during an uncontroversial period of the fifties. It was a time when parents usually planned the futures of their children. David would never have dreamt that he would be where he is today. He was not athletically inclined or especially active physically. As a young child David was impressed with the performances of Steve Reeves and a few other physique stars of the day, but he lacked faith in his own ability to improve his physical appearance until high school. The military school that he went to in his high school years also provided David Carter with his first gay experience.

There was an ultra masculine atmosphere that pervaded every inch of this rigid Catholic institution. Any type of immasculine activity was punished by an upperclass cadet. Often, bare fisted punishment was given by the older cadet. In spite of this super masculine atmosphere, David was invited to more than his share of after class "exercise sessions" with upperclassmen. Refusal of these invitations resulted in far more severe punishment in the bunkrooms at night, or in the showers after a physical education drill.

The religious element was strictly enforced and even discussion of a gay activity, if overheard by a faculty member, would result in some harsh form of

corporal punishment. It was at that time that a friend of David's at the prep school introduced him to weight lifting. David was impressed with the physical development that his friend had attained, and he desired the same for himself.

Every evening after study hall the cadets were allowed the use of the weight room. One evening in particular David and his friend were to see something that they thought no one would ever believe. Hiding behind a rack of unused football uniforms they watched as the entire senior varsity football team had just gotten into the lockerroom after practice. There were a large number of unused rooms off the main lockerroom. David and his friend went unnoticed as the members of the football team piled naked into the empty rooms. There they began embracing each other and giving each other oral sex. The two onlookers were shocked at what was going on.

David began to hate the hypocritical football players who pretended to be so straight. More than half the team was involved in this homosexual orgy. He then took up bodybuilding with a passion. By the time he was an upperclassman David had developed an extremely muscular physique. He spent all of his free time working out at a nearby YMCA.

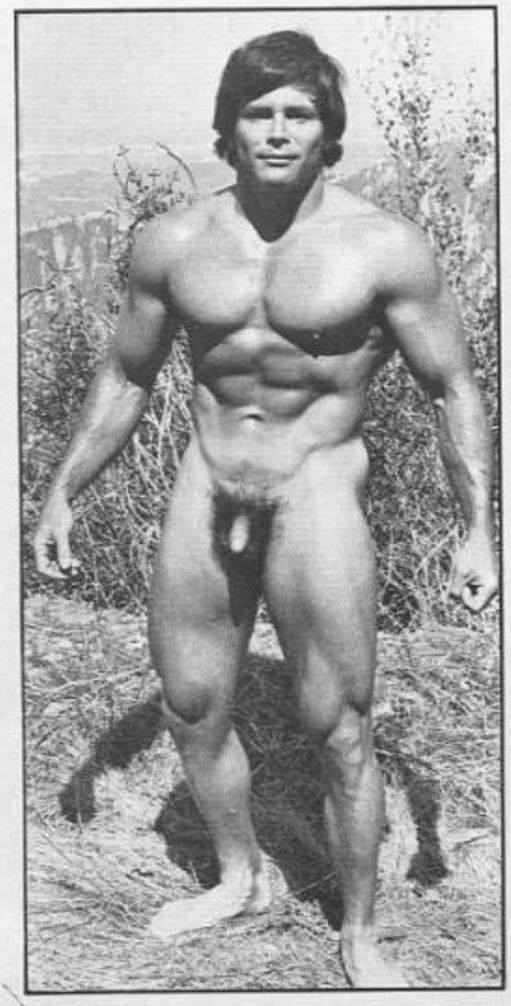
David's rigorous bodybuilding routine continued through college, where David earned a degree in Chemical Engineering. After College David moved to Los Angeles, where he discovered that the field of bodybuilding had developed to its full potential. David signed up at the top west coast bodybuilding gym. The gym had the most impressive roster of superstar bodybuilders training there. They were all incredibly tan and David wondered how many hours a day these men had to spend on the beach. Most of them spoke of morning and evening workouts and David wondered also when any of these men had time to work. He would see them frequently going to the gym phone between sets to make calls from lists of numbers that they all seemed to carry. David also listened to the conversations in the lockerroom regarding drugs. It upset David to learn that many of the bodybuilders were using steriods and other dangerous drugs to ease the pain of working out. David was reminded of his experience at the military school when he listened to the bodybuilders constantly trying to confirm their "straightness" to each other. It did not come as a very big shock to David when

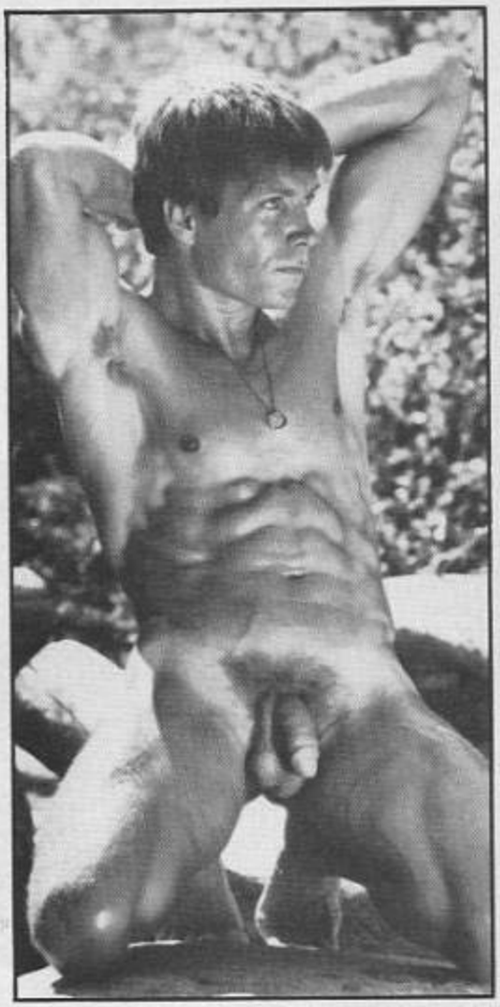
a desk attendant told him that they all hustled, or sold themselves to clients for various activities.

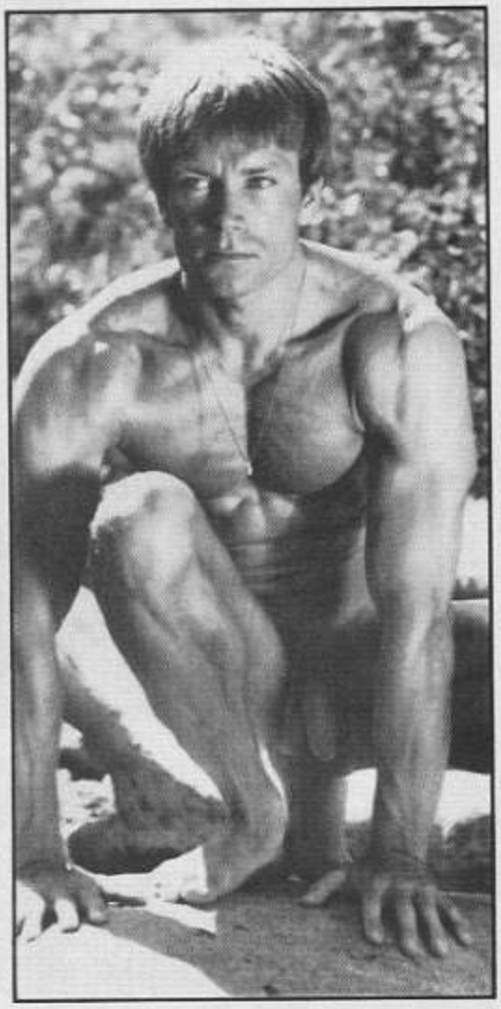
It was not long before David was indoctrinated into this seemingly popular lifestyle. David began making appointments and making connections. Many of David Carter's clients asked him if he had any photos of himself available. This gave David the idea of marketing photo packets and films of himself and other bodybuilders. This was the earliest beginning of the David Carter Studios.

During his first year in California David took notes and investigated on his own the private world of bodybuilding. He had decided that some day he would write a book on this subject. The book of course became the runaway best seller 'The Iron Game', presently being revised and updated for reprinting.

Today the David Carter Studio offers photo sets, slide sets and films of the highest quality. David has remained active in bodybuilding and he operates the studio on a full time basis. When he finds the time he enjoys hiking and mountain climbing. David has become a self-appointed spokesman on the beauty and virtue of Southern California. He invites all our readers to visit with him on the beaches and in the gyms of this bodybuilders' haven.







As an afterthought I must add that spending several days with David Carter to interview him and gather the material necessary to write this piece was both an enlightening and an inspiring experience. Many of us have grown up with the mistaken impression that all bodybuilders are simply big lugs with no brains whatsoever. I can truly say that I have met more bodybuilders in this last week than most people will meet in their entire lives. What we have always thought about them is just not true. I think that David Carter is an excellent example of today's bodybuilder. And I must say that David is not only a charming host, but an extremely intelligent man. He is a shrewd businessman and an inspiring fitness expert. Without displaying any claims of superiority he is able to inspire others to watch their diets and exercise properly. His attitude is warm, sympathetic, comforting, and he seems to have confidence in everyone's own ability to do what is right for himself.

This week with David Carter has made many changes in my lifestyle, but most important, I have found a new and a good friend in David Carter.

BLACK GLISTENING CERE DISCO PANTS AND VEST

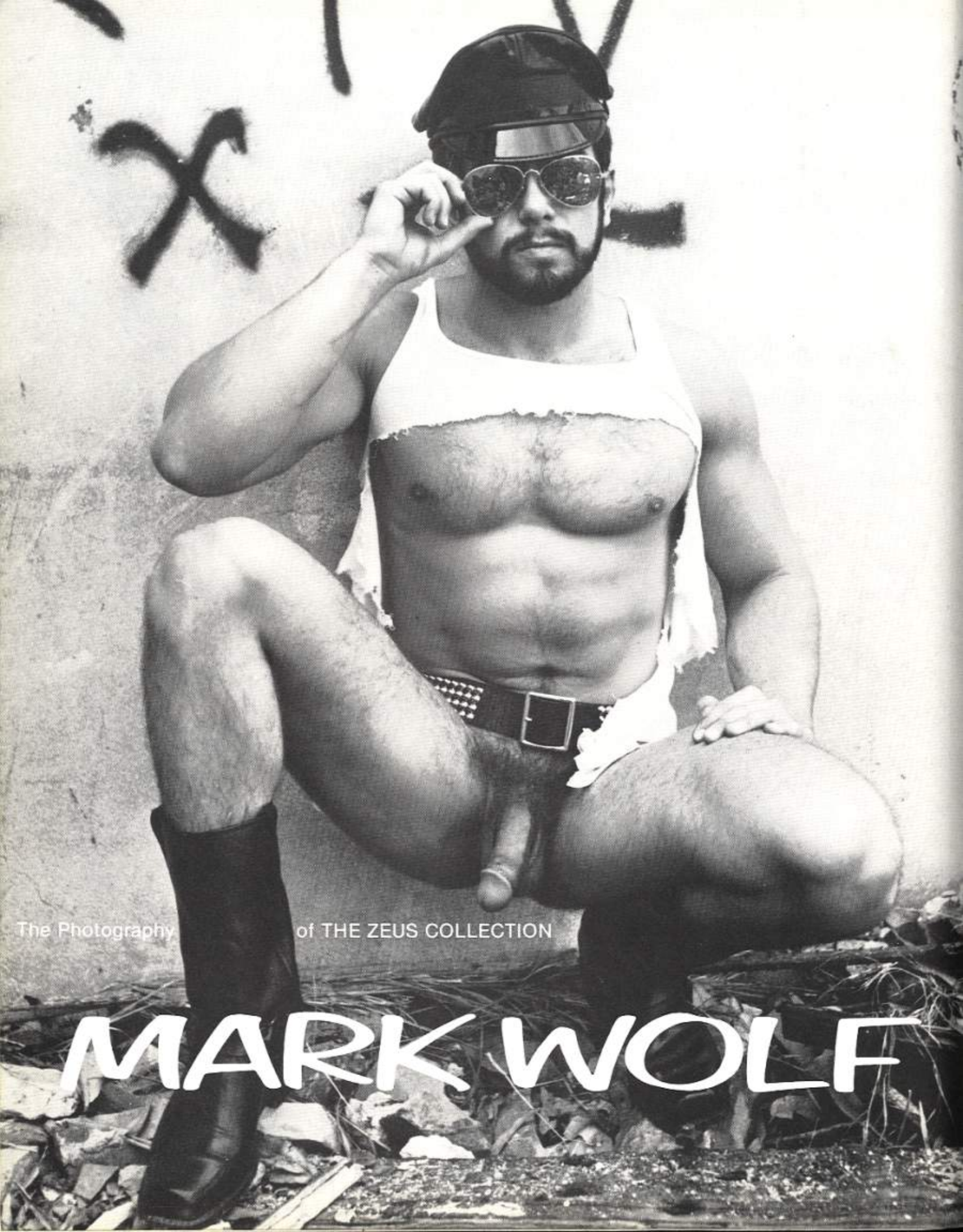
PANTS	$32.00
VEST	$35.00

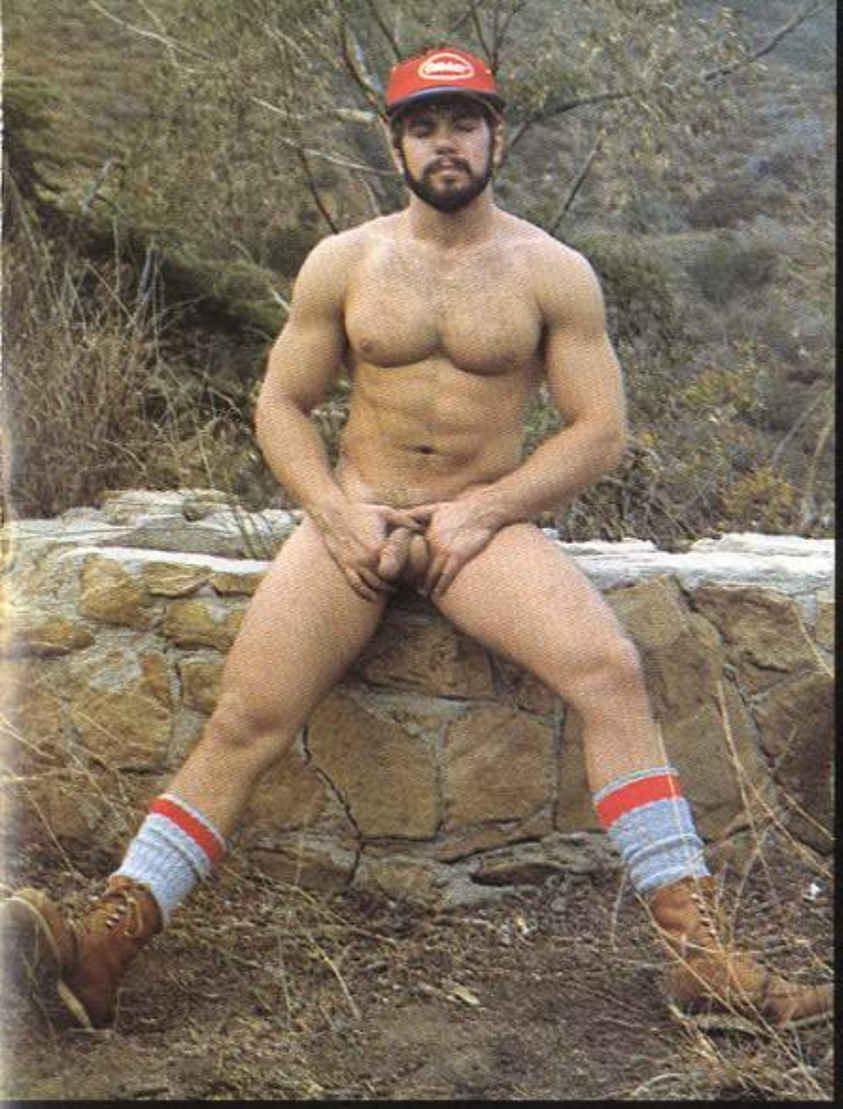
Our Cere Disco Pants mold and enhance the body while highlighting all your best features and endowments comfortably. Ideal for home entertaining or bar hopping. Draw strings at the thighs, ankles and waist. Sizes Small (28-31) and Medium (32-34).

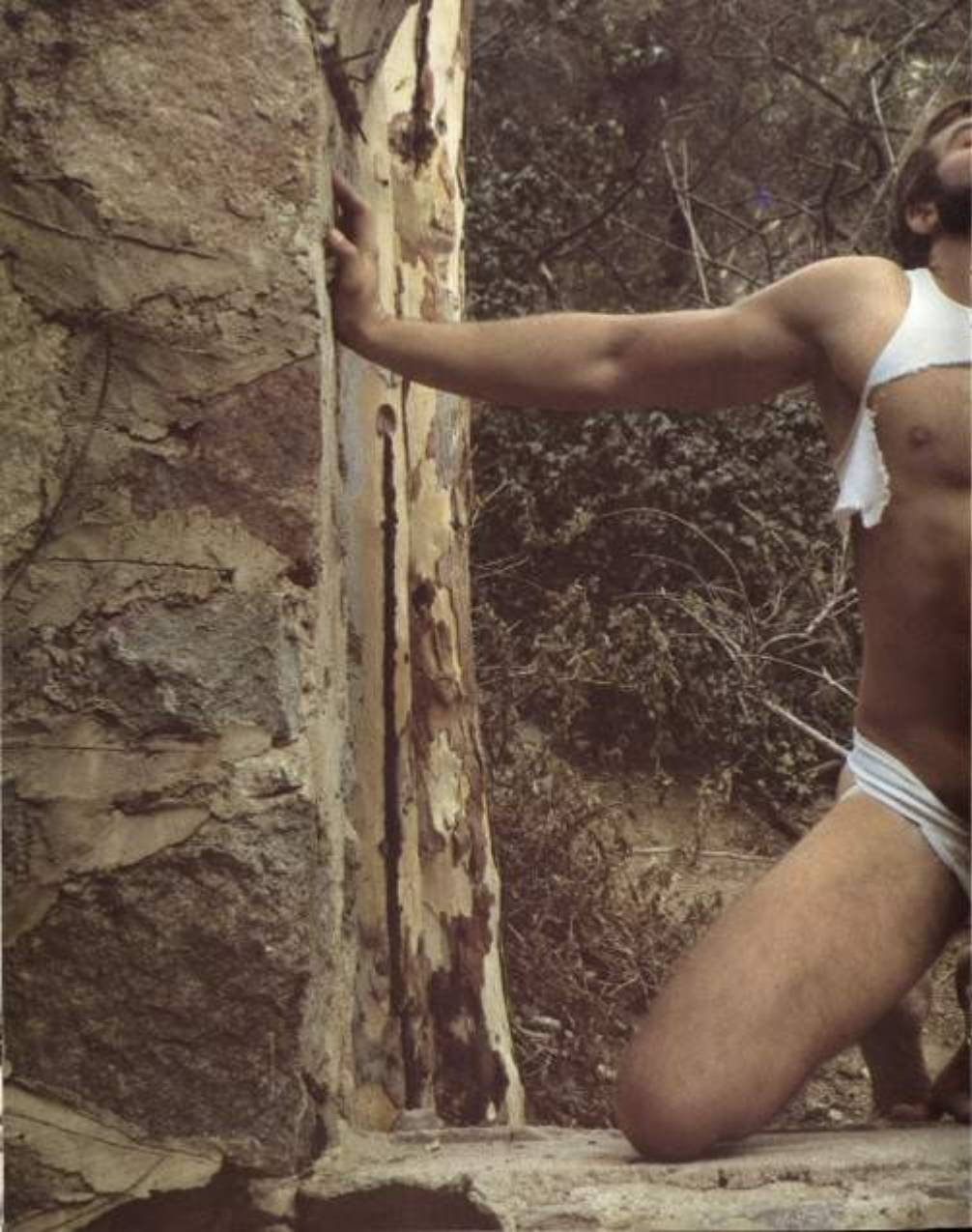
You may charge on your American Express, Bank of America, Master Charge or Visa charge accounts. Postage and handling $2.50.

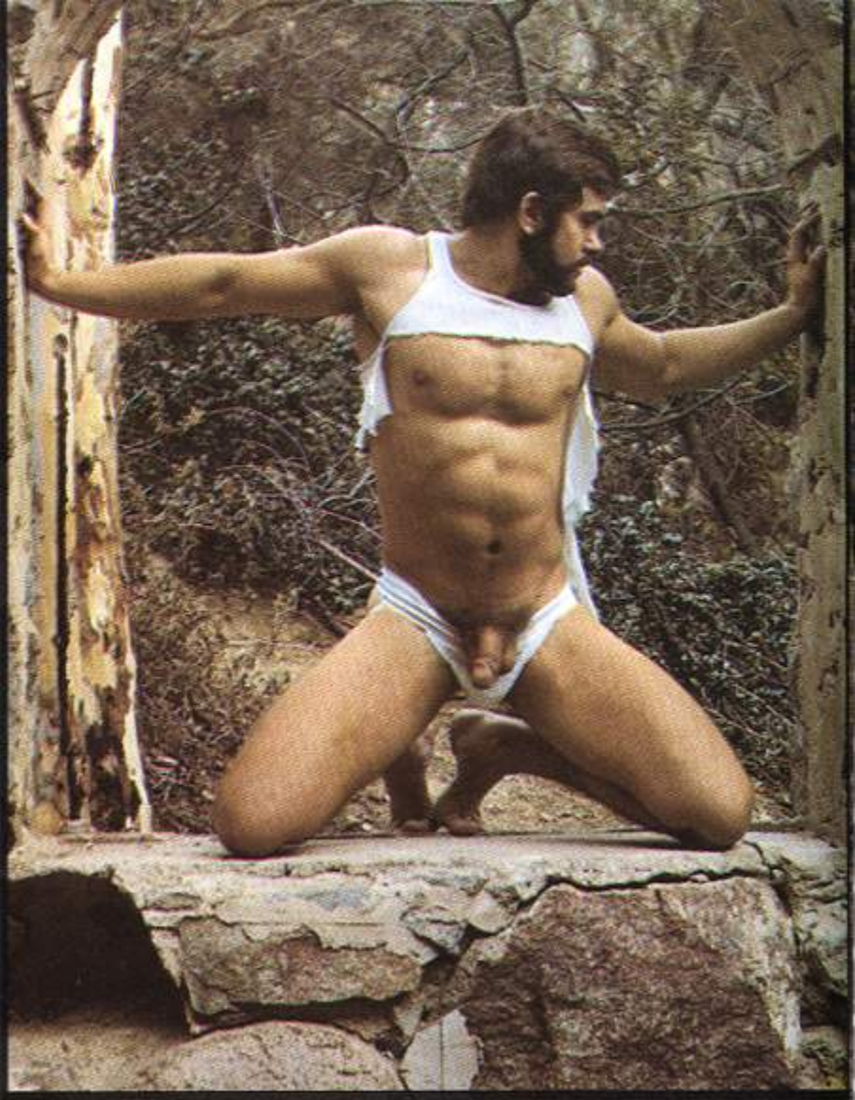
TRADING POST ENTERPRISES / 960 FOLSOM ST. SAN FRANCISCO 94107 / 777-4643

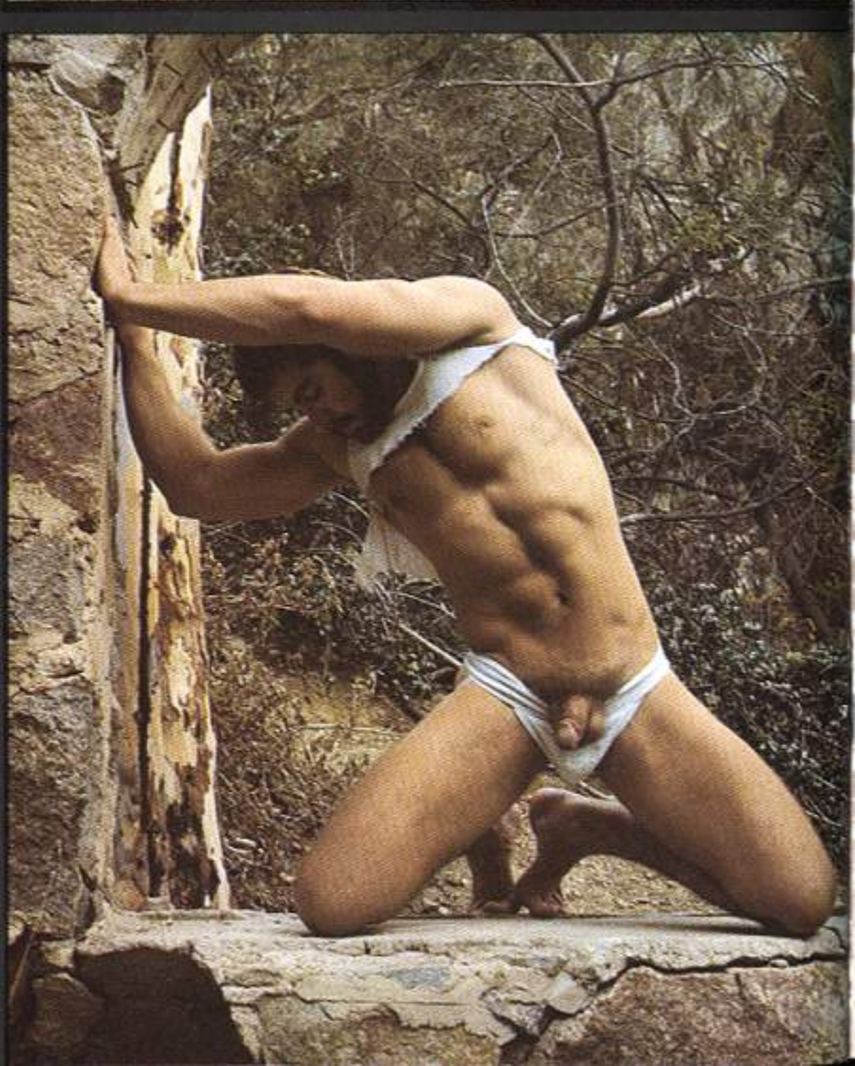
OPEN SEVEN DAYS FROM 10:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M. (SUNDAY AND HOLIDAYS FROM 2:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.)


The Photography of THE ZEUS COLLECTION
MARK WOLF









THE BARN

by Arthur Kirson

As the little VW spun out of control, Mark thought of his parents' warnings against the cross country drive.

"Ah, shit," he had said, "I have to get to California anyway. I have the car, so why shouldn't I drive it?"

Now he was spinning like crazy on a road somewhere in North Dakota and he would probably be dead in a few minutes.

"Maybe," he muttered aloud, "this cross country drive wasn't such a good idea after all. I could have been in New York right now getting fucked by that humpy new bartender at The Saddlebag."

Mark saw a chance to veer the car into a ditch. It was a gamble, but the only one he had. He turned the wheel hard to the right and screeched the car off of the road and down an incline. He felt the bottom of the car rip away as the little bug jolted to a stop. For more than a few seconds the young driver sat stunned. Then, he shook his head in wonderment, opened the door, and got out of the car.

"I guess I made it," he said to himself.

Yes, he had. He bent to feel his long, tapered, muscular legs, more to convince himself that they were still safe in his hugging jeans than for any other reason. He cupped his cock and balls, too, to be sure that there was no sudden pain, no damage to his nine inch New York sausage. And he reached behind him, revealing his broad, handsome chest to the birds, to pat his own well rounded, firm buns.

"Yeah," he muttered, "all there."

A sudden heavy rain began to beat down upon him. He stood next to his shattered car, his clothes quickly getting pasted to his body, and wondered where he could go. Then he saw the barn.

Bronc was sprawled out in the hay loft, his six foot five frame casually tossed below the roof beams. At 35 he was a wanderer; an ex-con who roamed the mid-west doing odd jobs and surviving. Today he was feeling lonely. He absently massaged his cock, ten and a half thick inches, standing rigid released from his jeans.

"Jesus," he thought out loud, "what I wouldn't do with a sweet young pair of buns to plow this locomotive into."

Then he heard the door open. Bronc looked down and saw Mark, tall, lanky, his clothes soaked to his great young body. It was as though his prayers had been answered. Bronc gasped out loud.

"Who's there?" Mark said, startled.

Bronc shoved his aching cock into his jeans and lowered himself into view, almost crotch first, his big, hairy chest following a very close second.

"It's all right," Bronc said. "I won't hurt you — unless you want me to." Bronc figured that he could make his game clear from the start.

"My car went off the road. It's really a goner. My name is Mark, Mark Wallace."

"My name is Bronc," the older, larger man said. "You can stay here, at least 'til the storm passes. You better get out of those wet clothes."

"All of my other clothes are in the car," Mark said.

"Good," Bronc told him. "Leave them there."

Mark studied the man, a pang of desire churning in his groin, his own big cock growing almost as large as the bulge that faced him.

"I didn't think I'd find fun and games in a Dakota barn," Mark said quietly.

Bronc fixed him with a devastating stare.

"I didn't say anything about fun and games. You're just what I've been waiting for, and you're gonna get roped, ripped and raped by the horniest fucker in town. Get undressed."

Two hours later, the rain was slamming against the barn roof, and Mark was still on his knees, Bronc's thick leather belt slamming against his naked, red ass.

"God," he groaned, "I can't take much more."

"Shut up, Fucker," Bronc commanded. "Do you want to suck my cock?"

Bronc, naked but for a thick bicycle chain belt, stood in front of his handsome young slave, his raging hot rod at full attention, teasing, taunting.

"Yes," Mark moaned.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Sir," the boy said quietly.

"How much do you want my cock, Shithole?"

Mark stared up adoringly, dying to get his lips around the eager, powerful tool, anxious to take it deep, deep down his throat, to drink its volcanic juice.

"Sir, please, please let me suck your cock. I want it more than I've ever wanted a cock before. Please."

"Get up," Bronc ordered. "Now, lean against that stall. Your back to me."

Mark did as he was told, and Bronc produced, seemingly from nowhere, enough rope to bind the boy's wrists and ankles to the splintered wood of the stall.

Bronc brought up the strap once more and slashed it across Mark's back so that it too was firey red.

"Beg me to fuck you, Slave."

"Please fuck me, Sir," Mark said, torn between panic, pain and desire.

"Beg, Fucker."

"Please! Please, Sir! Please fuck me!"

"Do you want my cock or my fist?"

"Either! Both! I don't care! Just, please, fuck me!"

The belt crashed against Mark's ass again, again, again!

"I am taking you, you little fuck. I'm taking you like you've never been taken before."

Without word or warning, Bronc plowed his ten and a half inch fuck stick into the tender, bloodied buns of his young captive.

"Take it Fucker," he yelled.

Mark's shriek might have been heard in Kentucky. He dug his fingers into the rough wood, and chafed his ankles against their ropes. But Bronc's huge hairy body; Bronc's huge dong, invading him boldly, savagely, pushing, pounding, opening, banging, banging, banging inside of him. Suddenly Mark stopped hurting and began to thoroughly enjoy the holocaust.

Bronc was unrelentless. This was what he had been waiting for, craving, needing. This handsome boy was the perfect receptacle for his fierce lust. Here was someone who needed and wanted Bronc's force as much as Bronc

needed to fuck, slam, command.

"Take it Fucker," Bronc screamed. "Take my giant jackhammer all the way up your ass."

Mark thought that Bronc's huge member would come out his navel. He thought that Bronc would never stop fucking him, and he hoped that he never would.

"Shoot, for God's sake. Come way up inside of me!" Mark howled.

"Take it!" Bronc bellowed, his body tensing, crashing again into Mark's. "Take it, Mark!"

Bronc shot a mammoth wad into his eager victim and the boy himself exploded against the cracking wood of the old stall.

"You called me Mark," he said as his tremendous Master rested his weight against him and nuzzled his face into the youth's neck. "You called me by my name."

"Of course I did," Bronc said as he released Mark. "I like you. You're a pretty special kid. I didn't know that they made them so resilient back east."

Mark sank into a bale of hay and looked up at the man who had just posessed him.

"I'm not always so resilient. But this was a real turn-on."

Bronc smiled slightly. "What was?"

"The rain. The barn." With slow consideration he added, "You."

"Did I turn you on? I mean did you want me as much as I wanted you?"

"You get lonely," Mark told him, "all alone in a Volkswagon between New York and North Dakota."

"Then it wasn't really me?" Bronc asked, a note of disappointment in his voice.

"I know what you want me to say, and I shouldn't say it. I should do to you with words what you did to me with your strap."

Bronc knew that the kid was trying to get to him, and they both new that he was succeeding.

"I ought to role you over," Bronc muttered, and ram my fist so far up your ass that it comes out your fuckin' mouth."

Mark smiled at him openly, warmly. "Promises, promises," he said with a broad grin. "That can be done, but you'll have to kiss me first."

The years in prison had hardened Bronc, but he was not always a cruel and unfeeling man. He smiled at the naked, handsome youth who faced him and gave the young face a firm but mild slap.

"Of course," he said. "I like you."

Mark flushed. His rising cock made him all too aware of just how much he wanted this hairy hulk who had invited him in from the rain and had tanned his ass.

Bronc couldn't help but notice Mark's eager erection, and he couldn't hide his own. "Its time for me to fuck you again," growled Bronc.

With that he grabbed the boy and virtually wrestled him across his lap. Mark half laughed, half sobbed as he felt Bronc's big hand slam down on his already fire red ass cheeks. Bronc flipped him over again so that the youth was flat on his back in the hay stack, and he began first to kiss then to roughly bite the kid's seething nipples.

"I'm gonna love you like nobody's ever loved you before. I can do more than just fuck."

"Fucking is a pretty good start," Mark groaned almost demandingly. "Fuck me again. Shove that super cock into me again and shoot another giant load into me. I want it."

All at once Bronc began slapping at the boy furiously; his face, his legs, his chest; tearing at the hard erect nipples with his hands and teeth.

Pain shot through Mark's chest as he pleaded for release.

Bronc suddenly stopped and sat so that Mark could sit facing him. Then he gestured for the boy to sit on his athletic ass buster. Mark knew that it would hurt, but he did what he was told. He moved forward, squatted over Bronc, facing him, and lowered himself so that the light bulb head of the ex-con's cock was inside of him.

"Now!" Bronc ordered. With one swift tug Bronc pulled his lustful captive all the way down, impaling him, fulfilling him, filling him. Mark howled in agony, but he knew there was no escape.

The pain began to subside and Mark's cock too was soaring, raging, pointing at Bronc, begging to be stroked. As Bronc jolted his hips upward time and again, he clasped Mark's rod and began to pump it hard, hard, harder, squeezing it, yanking it, hurting it, but timing the situation so that they would shoot together; Bronc deep in Mark's ass, and Mark all over Bronc's massive and dark chest.

"Fuck me," Mark yelled, "Fuck me, give it to me. I can't hold on for much longer. Please fuck me. Come. Shoot inside of me. Please! Shoot! Come! Now, please."

Both men felt their bodies tense, their legs stiffening in that definite sign that explosion was near.

"Ride me, Bronc!"

"Here goes," Bronc yelled, and together they transcended all lust they had ever known and shot the biggest, hottest double barrelled six pack of gism in the history of North Dakota.

They sat still attached for several minutes, intertwined, the younger of the two running his fingers through the other's hair, kissing his neck.

They spent the remainder of the day and all of the night making love up in the loft. By the time the morning sun began to creep through some of the looser beams the two men knew every crevice of the other's body. Their sex had been so varied, so complete, so constant that they were caught in limbo, somewhere between wide awake, total satisfaction and complete exhaustion.

"We better have a look at that car of yours," Bronc finally said. But he was less than enthusiastic when he finally saw it. It was a gonner.

"How will I get to California?" the boy asked.

Bronc leaned against the little car, his huge dark frame unbearably handsome in the hot morning sun of Dakota. "See that van next to the barn? It's mine." he said smiling. "I've been looking for a reason to go to California, maybe set up a moving and handy man business."

"Want a partner?" Mark asked. "I'm gonna need a job."

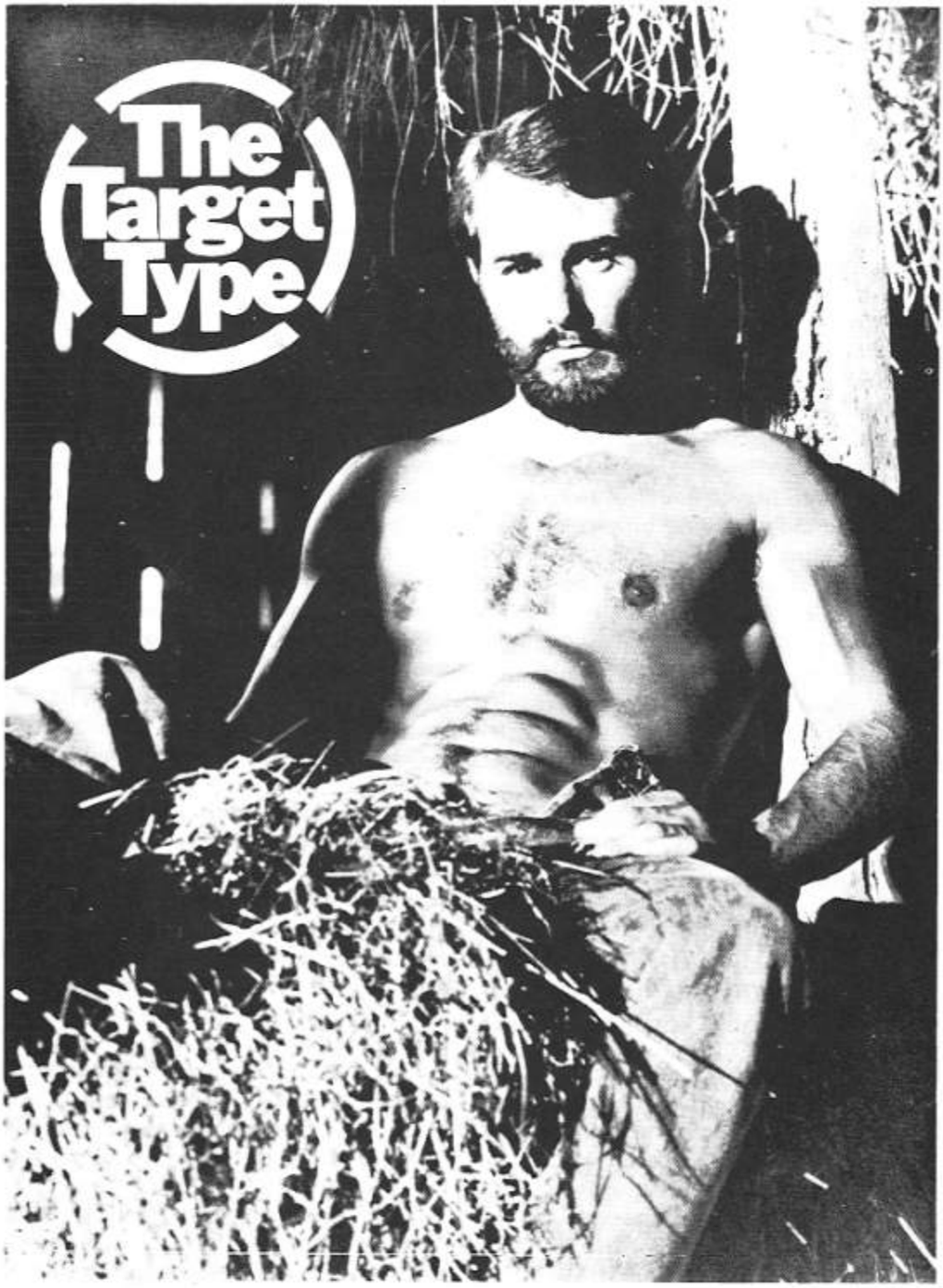
"Yes, I want a partner," Bronc said, and for the first time since they'd met, Mark noticed that the big stud was fully relaxed. "I want a partner, and not just on the job."

Mark leaned against Bronc so that their bodies arched, their chests being stuck together with perspiration. "You have to promise me that I'll get fucked at least three times a day," the younger man said with a sly teasing smile.

Bronc shoved Mark slightly away from him and with all the strength in his body brought his hand down across the boy's face. Mark flew about ten feet across the ditch and landed on his belly in the mud. "Yea, I promise," Bronc said with an evil smile on his face.

"Get on your fuckin' feet and into that van. We've got alot of miles ahead of us," commanded Bronc. It was obvious who was going to be the senior partner.

The ride to California was great. Once there, they set up their business and their home on a small ranch in the Southern part of the State. Both were successes. And Bronc kept his promise.



Target presents a new western magazine

Dart #5 featuring CHUCK GATLIN

We're happy to introduce you to a young man whom we feel sure is going to be very big in your life. Chuck Gatlin works a ranch in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains, where years of rugged outdoor ranch-life have molded a beautifully symmetrical body and a head as clear as a bright sun in a blue sky. He doesn't know the meaning of the word "uptight" and if, as they say, one picture is worth a thousand words, this magazine will easily fill up your shelves! (5½"x8½"; 36 pages, 10 in full color; deluxe stock.)

DT-5 . . . DART # $6.50
SL-4 . . . 6 35mm color slides . $6.25
(Prices include First Class postage)

TARGETPAK-2: Our updated lavish folio containing several brochures, including full-color, illustrating our offerings of movies, magazines, photos, slides and artwork. Also included are samples of our work and information on how to get on the confidential Target mailing list.

TARGETPAK-2 . . . . . $4.00
(Includes First Class Postage)

Target

Box 692 Canal St. Sta.
New York City 10013

Please state that you are over 21.

BANKAMERICARD/VISA and MASTERCHARGE available on orders of $10.00 or more.

WORLDWIDE RUN & EVENTS CALENDAR

DATE	SPONSORING CLUB(S)	EVENT	PLACE
		AUGUST 1978	
4- 6	Atons of Minneapolis	Gopher III	Minneapolis
4- 6	Glass City Champions	One for the Road II	Toledo OH
4- 6	Barbary Coasters	Gold-Rush Run	San Francisco
4- 6	Blue Max M.C.	Red Barron Run	Los Angeles
11-13	Centaurs M.C.	Olympia VI	Virginia
13	2nd City M.C.	Railroad Museum	Chicago
18-20	Constantines	Run	San Francisco
19-20	MSC Hannover	Run	Hannover
25-27	Selectmen	Travelin' Man III	Detroit
		SEPTEMBER 1978	
1- 3	Falcons/Omaha Meat Packers	Joint Run	Omaha
1- 3	MSC Frankfurt	Run	Frankfurt
2- 4	San Franciscans	Chuckwagon Run	San Francisco
2- 4	Satyrs	Badger Flats Run	Los Angeles
8-10	Rurals M.C.	Run	Holland
10	2nd City M.C.	Fall Outing	Chicago
15-17	Chicago Hellfire	Inferno 7 (Invitational)	Chicago
15-17	Vanguards/Empire City	Joint Run	Pennsylvania
16	Rough Riders	Anniversary	San Antonio, TX
16-17	Moterey Dons	Run	San Francisco
16-17	Pacific Coasters	Flight of the Seagull	Los Angeles
21- 9	Cycle M.C.	European Tour	Leaving N.Y.C.
22-24	Warlocks	Witches Run	San Francisco
23-24	Loboc	Overnight Run	Los Angeles
29- 1	Celtics M.C.	Return to Nature 5	Mississippi
29- 1	Links M.C.	Safari III	Washington, D.C.
29- 1	MLC Munich/SLC Stuttgart	Joint Run	Munich Germany
30- 1	Oedipus	Penguin's Picnic	Los Angeles
		OCTOBER 1978	
6- 8	MSC London	Run	London England
7	Praetorians	8th Anniversary	New York City
7	I.C.F.	Casualty Capers	San Francisco
7- 8	Saddleback	Fall Field Meet	Los Angeles
14	2nd City M.C.	Octoberfest	Chicago
21	Glass City Champions	Octoberfest	Toledo OH
21	Rocky Mountaineers	Anniversary	Denver
21	Warlocks	Witches Christmas	San Francisco
22	C.S.C.M.C.	10th Olympiad	Los Angeles
28	Celtics M.C.	Anniversary (Closed)	Jackson MS
28	Rochester Rams	HalloWeenie Crystal Balls	Rochester NY
28	C.S.C.M.C.	First Ladies Fun Run	Los Angeles
		NOVEMBER 1978	
3- 5	Lost Angels	Autumn Scrambles	Washington D.C.
4	Gateway M.C.	Anniversary	St. Louis
4	Buddy Riders	Championship Awards	Los Angeles
5	Blue Max M.C.	Bronco Run	Los Angeles
10-12	MSC Belgica/MS Amsterdam	Joint Run	Brussels Belgium
11	Houston M.C.	Carnival	Houston
11	2nd City M.C.	Social Night	Chicago
12	California M.C.	Carnival	San Francisco
12	Satyrs	Turkey Run	Los Angeles
20-27	Cycle M.C.	Thanksgiving in Hawaii	Leaving N.Y.C.
25	Bucks M.C.	Santas Saturday	Bucks Co. PA
25	Satyrs	Anniversary	Los Angeles
26	San Andreas	Blessing of the Bikes	Los Angeles
		DECEMBER 1978	
1- 3	Rodeo Riders	Rodeo 3	Chicago
1- 3	Long Island Spuds	Horsin' Around	New York State
2	Oedipus	Royal Dinner	Los Angeles
9	Empire City	Christmas Party	New York City
9	2nd City M.C.	Social Night	Chicago
10	Chicago Knights M.C.	Toys for Tots	Chicago
10	Nine-Plus (9 +)	Toys for Tots	New York City
16	2nd City M.C.	Christmas Party	Chicago
29- 2	MSC Scotland	Run	Scotland
31	2nd City M.C.	New Year's Eve Party	Chicago

by Donovan F. Ash/*Chains of Brotherhood*

SAN FRANCISCO

ARENA

MCMLXXVIII

A LEATHER BAR
WITH A
MASCULINE ATTITUDE

★

399 9th Street (at Harrison)
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 863-3290

HANGIN' TREE RANCH

Hangin' Tree Leather is an outstanding line of Western leather gear. An incredible full color illustrated catalog is available from Hangin' Tree Ranch for just $3.00. If you see somethin' in the catalog that catches yur fancy but you aren't sure how to use it, you can also git yur self an 8mm color film version of the catalog that shows ya all that ya need to see.

HANGIN' TREE LEATHER gear is all of the finest materials, designed and handmade by the ranchhands at Hangin' Tree Ranch, styled after authentic Western harness and saddle gear. Each item has been personally tested by their own cowpokes, and the boys are trying out new things in the bunkhouse and stable all the time.

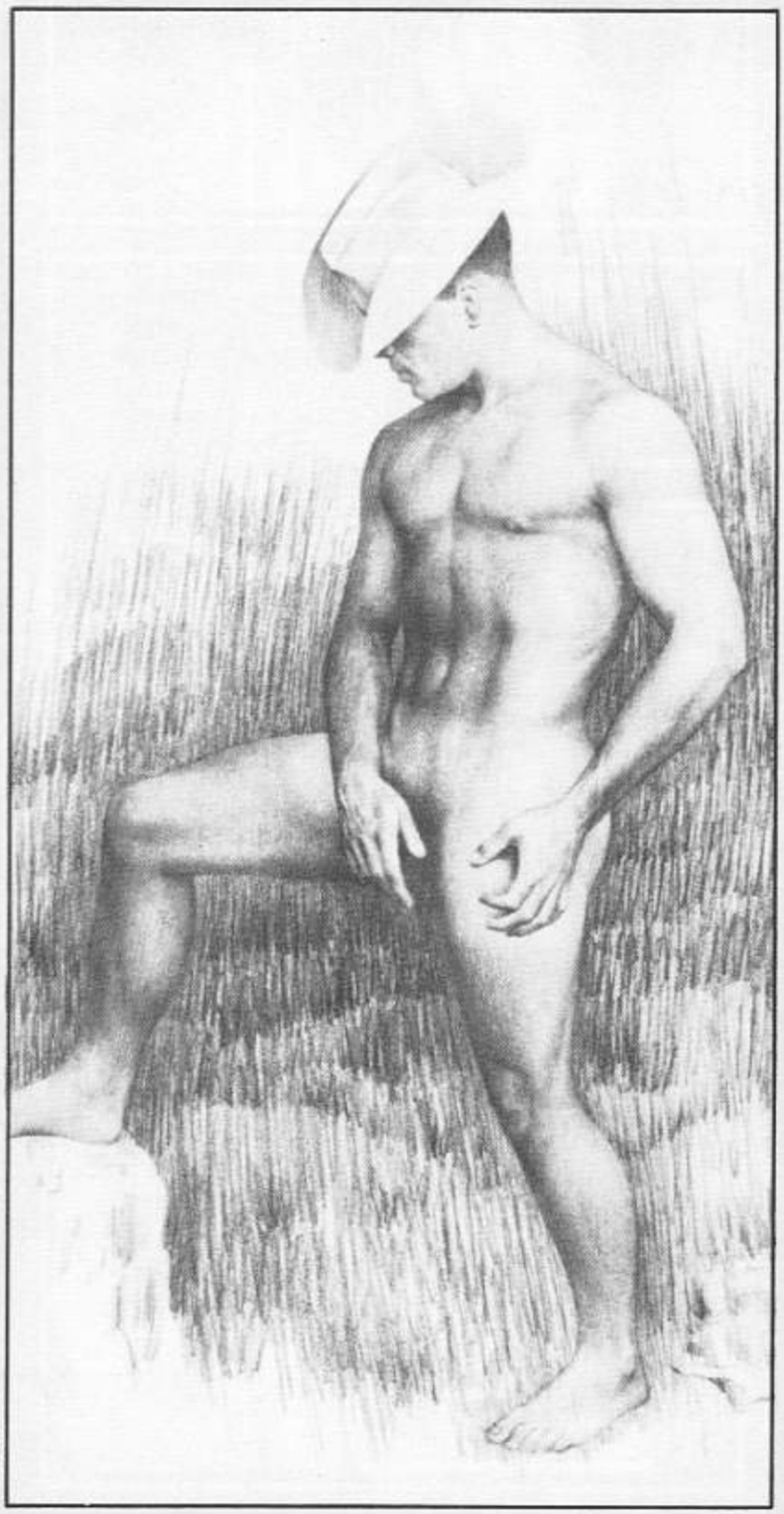
They are proud of the quality of their gear and also mighty pleased to say they've got the most reasonable prices anywhere! So far as we know, they are the only outfit exclusively makin' Western style leather for Cowboys around the world.

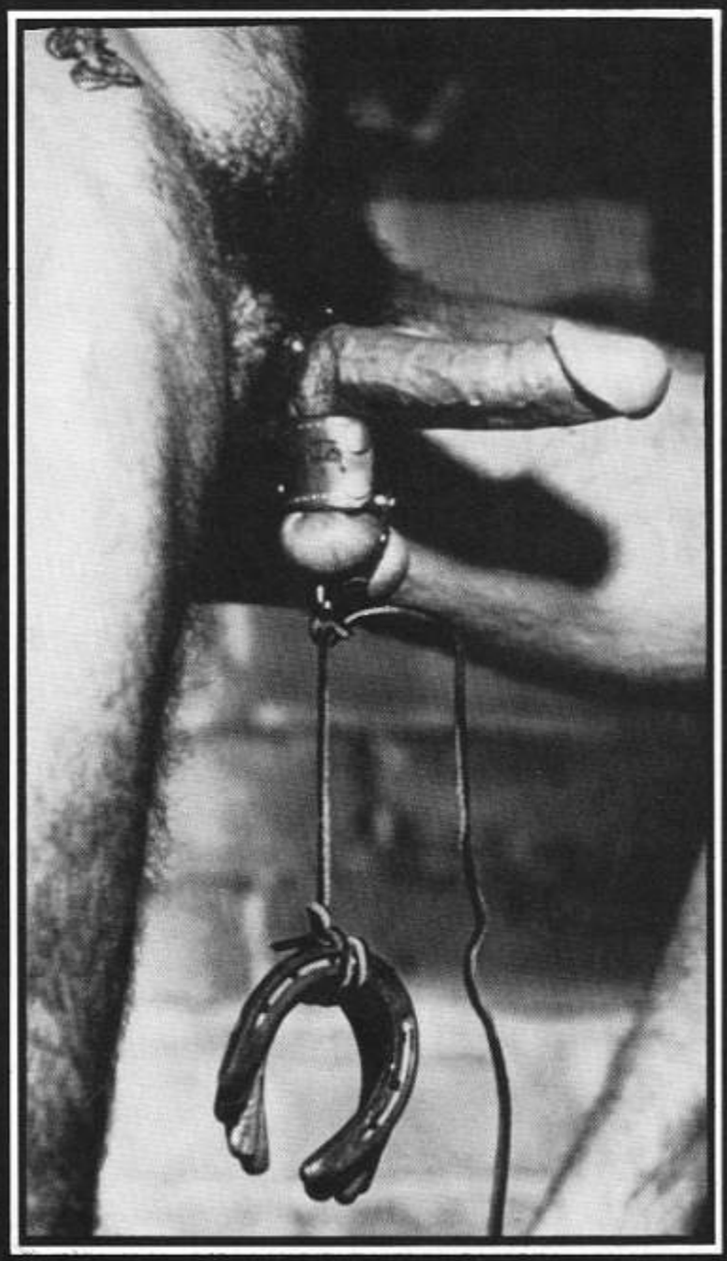
If you're a wonderin' about HANGIN' TREE RANCH, it was homesteaded in the 1880's and is located in the moutains near the old Yuma-San Diego Stage Route. The Ranch takes its name from the rustlin' days followin' the Civil War, when a nearby box canyon (Horsethief Canyon) was used to hold stock before runnin' it across the border into Mexico.

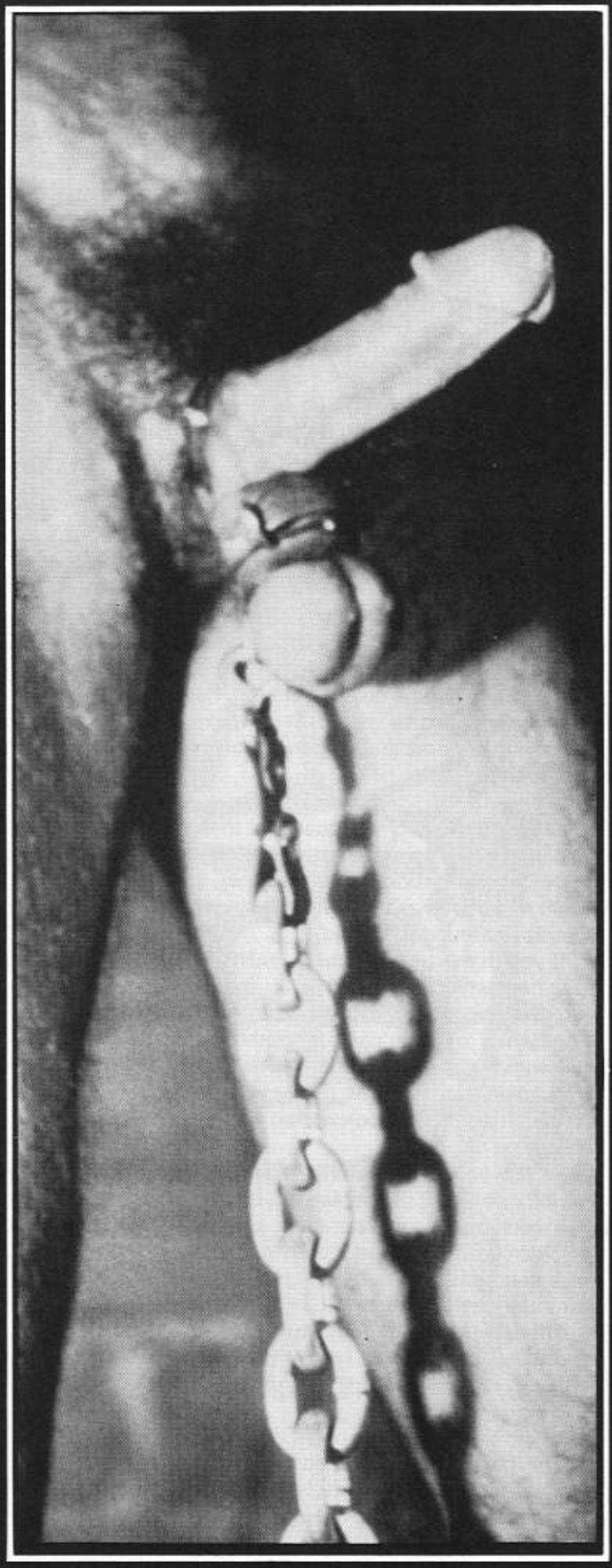
As law and order made its way into this part of the country and gunfighters like the Earps became respectable, the local ranchers formed a vigilante group to clean up the rustlers. Local legend has it that the oak tree that still stands on the Ranch was the site of 13 "frontier justice hangins".

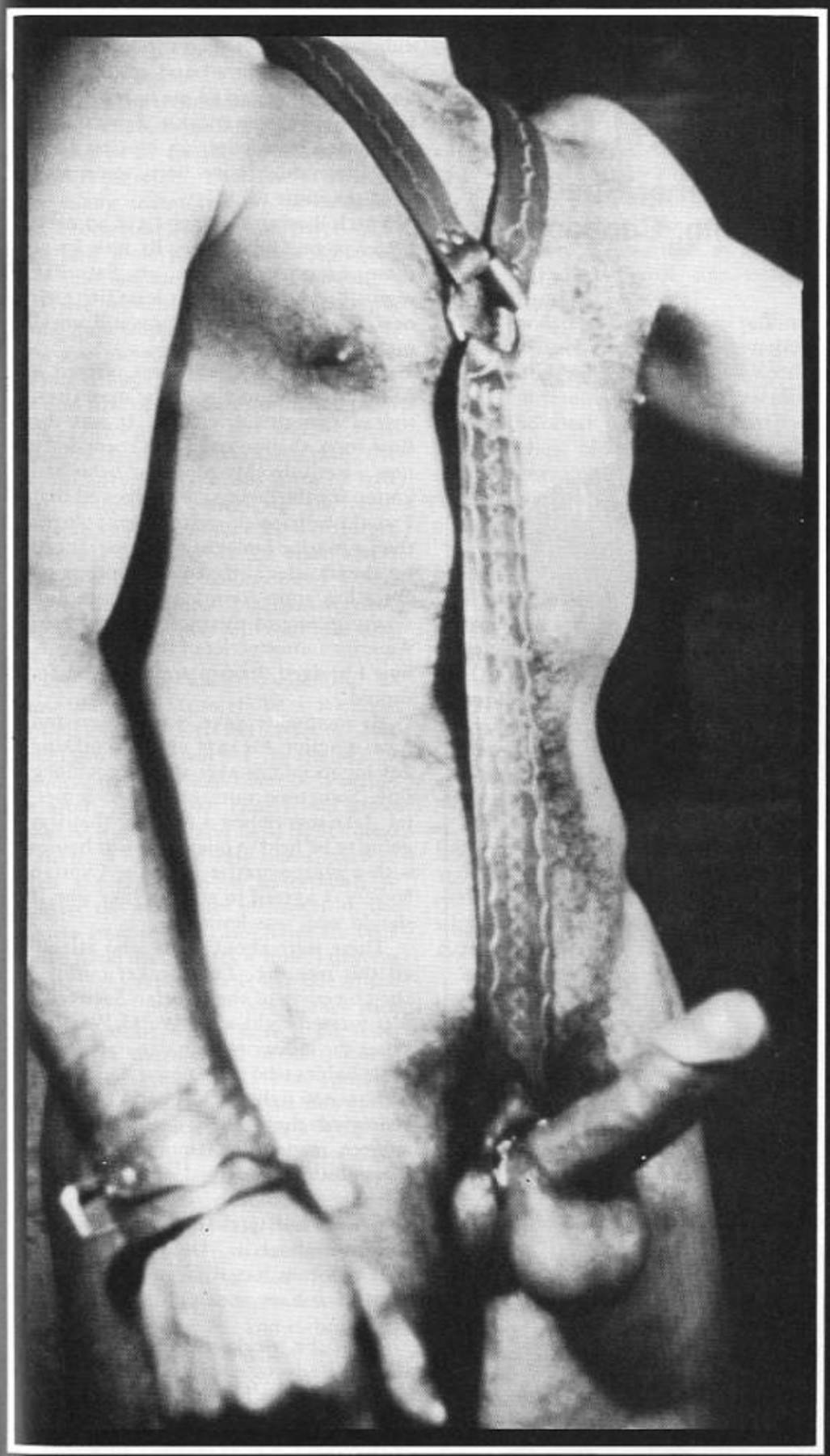
There was a lot of action and damn few women in the Old West, and with the leather gear from Hangin' Tree you can re-live the roarin' horny days of the Old Frontier.

The next pages offers just a small sample of the kind of gear available at Hangin' Tree Ranch. For a complete catalog write to Hangin' Tree Ranch. P.O. Box 548, Monterey, Ca. 93940. And remember—"Cowboys ride Longer and Harder in Hangin' Tree Leather!"

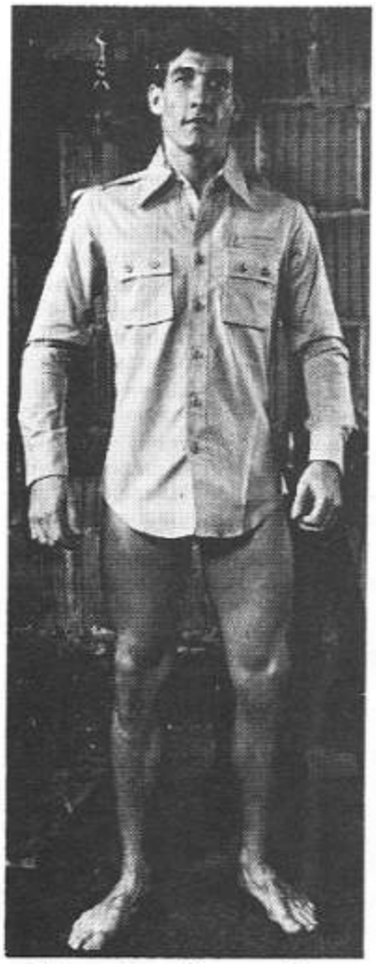








Male Hide LEATHERS



The Legionnaire

from

MALE HIDE LEATHERS'
new Jock Shop

MALE HIDE II
3730 North Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois 60613

The Legionnaire styled with over the shoulder epaulets, cargo pockets and long or short sleeves in 100% cotton for durability. S-M-L, price $21.00

Visa (Bank Americard) and Master Charge accepted. Inc card no. & exp. date. Measuring chart and instructions sent on request. IL residents add 5% local tax.

Male Hide LEATHERS, inc.
66 W. ILLINOIS STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60610

THE BARRACKS

56 Widmer Street
Toronto, Canada

Open Monday-Thursday
6 pm-2 am
Weekends - 24 hours

(416)366-1292

THE ADVENTURES OF A PIERCING FREAK

continued from page 18

academically productive. At college the gold ring was a sensation even though I didn't usually show it off. Somehow or other the word got around and literally dozens of fellows asked me to see it, and I'm sure they were envious. Several asked me for instruction on how to do it and there must have been some who tried the same thing.

The following summer I got an even better paying diving job. By now I was more experienced and on Saturday nights I was capable of at least five girls now. The same gold ring was still working wonders.

Around Labor Day I was offered a full scholarship to one of the most prestigious eastern universities. It was the time for a change and I was ready for a new adventure. My professor, who had gotten me the diving job, suggested that I would be happier as an anthropologist than a marine biologist and he arranged for the transfer at the eastern university. It's a big jump from a small state university to one of the most sophisticated American universities of the east. Somehow I bridged the gap and was soon accepted.

My roommate, Jake, was a senior and I was a junior. He kept me from making any big social mistakes and we got along fine. Sometime during the first semester, Jake mentioned a meeting that was going to be held in one of the frat houses with a representative from the Cyprian Society. I agreed to go with Jake who, I should add, was Jewish.

There were about thirty who attended this meeting. The speaker outlined the objectives of the Cyprian Society. It was formed right after World War I to offset the indiscriminate circumcision of male babies who didn't have a choice or a chance to fight back. I hadn't realized there was such strong feelings on this subject, especially among the Jews. They bitterly resented that they had been ceremoniously circumcised and they were out to change the prevailing attitudes about it. "Okay", I thought, "I'll buy that but it is too late for me also. If I have sons, I'll give them a choice."

Then the speaker dropped a bombshell. He advocated piercing the sides of the glans of the head of the cock to put in special little studs. These studs would heighten the sexual pleasure by increasing the friction during intercourse and offset the thickened and less senstitive skin of the cockhead which came with

the loss of the foreskin. Was I hearing right? I broke out in a sweat. Could it be real? Yes, it was true, and of the thirty attending none of them walked out on the suggestion. Me, I'd have unbuttoned my fly on the spot. Later that evening Doctor Rosenthal (a very young M.D., and the representative who spoke) privately showed me his glans piercing and, not to be outdone, I showed him my own piercing. That was a switch! The young doctor creamed in his jeans and I took it in good stride. After all, I had had some previous experience in such matters, more than he realized.

There were several more meetings. Some guys stopped attending and some new ones joined. About thirty of us were still signed up. I was the leader, naturally, and first one to sign up for the piercing. Jake signed up also and we were given an appointment for ten p.m. the following night. Jake was sorry he had ever suggested going to the first meeting, but I wouldn't let him forget it. It was his idea, at the start and I wouldn't let him back down. I was thrilled beyond words. Jake was worried, so I calmed his fears and told him that I'd go first.

The piercing wasn't as painful as some may think. It might be, if it's done slowly, exerting a steady pressure. The "operator" who worked on me was a medical student I had never seen before or after. He was an expert and knew what he was doing and went right ahead with it. The most important part of such a piercing is the placement, to achieve the maximum sensation for the wearer (me, in this case) holds his cock in his hand and rotates it ninety degrees to the right exposing the left side of the shaft. The piercings are done with hollow needles which have a flattened side like a hypodermic needle without the syringe attachment. The operator selects the exact center of the side of the shaft, then pierces it through the glans edge, at exactly ninety degrees to the edge of the glans, with the needle entering from the bottom groove. The needle is pressured from the surface of the shaft until the needle emerges on the top side. It requires several minutes for it to travel through the spongly material of the glans. Both the left and right side of the glans are done together with the needles forced through at exactly parallel lines of travel so the piercings on each side are at exactly the same angle. Both piercings then result in a matched pair.

Within a few minutes both penetrations were accomplished and I was none the worse for the wear. I had exactly parallel surgical needles sticking through the sides of my cock, somewhat like a man-size pickle fork.

Jake took it all in and said not one word, probably expecting me to make some outcry but it was not forthcoming. I thought Jake would be a problem, but he wasn't and I really didn't give him an alternative. I suggested to the "operator" that we do Jake's next and keep my needles in place before the retainers were installed, but Jake would have none of that. He wanted to see the finished product before any needles touched his skin.

Tiny fourteen-carat wire retainer rings were fitted down inside the hollow needles and withdrawing the needle pulled the retainers into the piercings. The withdrawal procedure sometimes brings a flow of blood. The operator shakes some alum powder on the holes to stem any flow. Usually the bleeding is of very short duration.

The operator bathed my cock and dusted it with some antiseptic powder and put several layers of gauze around the cock. I put my pants on and watched Jake get his turn. He took it like a man, maybe because I had set a good example. Me, I'd have had it done every day if I'd had the chance because I'm a piercing freak and I admit it. Total time, for both of us, was about forty minutes.

The piercing usually takes three to four weeks to fully heel. After six to eight days it forms a hard spot around each penetration and becomes somewhat thicker than normal but never particularly painful.

The operator said, "After the piercing, forget it for a month. However be sure to bathe it daily and dust it with antiseptic powder."

With three to four weeks the lumps slowly dissolved and when the area of the glans was normal again it was time to think about some kind of studs. Doctor Rosenthal had some gold studs available in various lengths, with solid screw ends, to fit the individuals. Both ends were the same diameter and really very handsome. At this writing it's years since this happened and I still treasure those little gold Dydoes (as they are called by aficionados of the art of piercing). I've removed them many times but always put them back where they belong. As someone once said of them, they are my "constant companions, and always give that added sensation, a little something extra in my sex life, that delicious little something for the many who had everything." A pair of Dydoes will heighten the sensation and increase your pleasure.

During my senior year in college there were several meetings of the Cyprian Society. I was very involved and did some of the lecture meetings. Also I developed a skillful hand for the little operation, of which I performed quite a few.

I graduated just before the outbreak of World War II and our age group was one of the first to be called up. The Cyprian Society got lost in the shuffle. It was too difficult to maintain contact. Several years after the end of the war I tried to track down Dr. Horowitz of New York City who was the major spokesman of the Society. I discovered he had died of a heart attack a year before. I met the widow and she gave me a box of old meeting records and correspondence which made fascinating reading. Maybe we should rejuvenate the Cyprian Society and start it functioning again. It served a good purpose, especially for me.

For my graduation present, my aunt gave me a gift of cash. I went to Hawaii as a beach bum. In those days, just before Pearl Harbor, we beach bums wore knit wool swim trunks, rather tight-fitting. If you rub your palms down your hips, the knit swim trunks roll up and with one motion, expose as much of your body as you wish to display—your navel or further, depending on what you had in mind. One of my beach bum friends, Moki, was the first person I'd ever seen with a navel piercing. Wow, that was a whole new dimension in the scheme of sexual attractions.

My two previous piercing encounters were for useful purposes but this one was strictly advertising. It let the opposite sex know you were interested and man, how it worked! Rolling down your trunks was like pulling down her panties! Many beach bums wore these navel piercings. Tattooing was also part of the required image to be accepted socially, even with the girls.

When I had a little cash windfall I went into a tattoo parlor and asked the prices at the best-known establishment in Honolulu. I was shocked at how much it cost for a modest size design, too rich for my blood. One of my beach bum friends had a mail-order tattooing machine. It was in constant use but the quality of work was awful. If I got a tattoo, at least it would be artistically acceptable. I couldn't see getting one of those tattoes and I couldn't afford the

good ones. Unfortunately I never have gotten one. Moki did take me to a Chinese jewelry shop on River Street where they got their navel piercings, however.

A navel piercing is quick and easy if your navel is formed that way, so you can get behind, at or into the opening. Some people cannot be pierced there because there is no real opening. After a little Chinese negotiation we agreed on a complete naval piercing job for $2.50 and I laid the cash on the counter. I looked around for a "back room with a curtain" but there was none so I stood there at the end of the counter. The little Chinese merchant squatted down on a small stool and with a very dull, old-fashioned straight razor, scraped off the hairs from my belly, without benefit of shaving cream or lather. He then took a length of straight gold wire and filed it to a fine point. He put his left little finger up into my navel opening and found the center spot and slowly pushed the pointed wire through the fleshy overhang. Soon he felt the point touching his finger. With a pair of fine jewelers pliers he fashioned a nice little gold ring just the right scale for my belly button. It was all done in about ten to fifteen minutes and at very little cost. It was sore for a few days but the salt water was a natural cleansing agent.

That was my third piercing encounter, not as thrilling to me as the earlier ones, and not nearly as sexually stimulating. The navel piercing is not really related to the sex equipment, just sort of window dressing for other things to happen, sort of a prelude to the big act. I got good mileage from my navel piercing and, there in Hawaii, it was one fo the sex symbols, sort of an unspoken indication of your intentions without having to blurt it out loud.

After V-E Day, I went back into anthropology to work on a PhD. The subject I selected (naturally) was "male initiation rites in Borneo" which gave me a wonderful opportunity for further study of piercings. In those parts of the world I saw some amazing and somewhat terrifying "mutilations". Even I had to have a strong stomach for some of it.

On my return from Borneo and New Guinea I stopped off in Tahiti to compile the data I had collected. It was there that I met Reggie Jones, a delightful soul who greatly enriched my life. Reggie, an Australian, was a seaman on tramp steamers in the copra trade, when he was young. Reggie had jumped ship and stayed in Tahiti. He married a native girl and they had seven sons. When I knew him he was sixty and I was thirty. Reggie taught me about Tahitian sex lore. The natives wear a pareo, a square of cotton fabric draped around their hips and never in such a way to bind or constrict the genital area. They wear no cloth between the legs since it would prevent the cooling breezes needed for comfort.

Many males, at the age of twelve to fourteen, pierce the thin web of skin behind the balls and halfway between the legs, sort of an equidistant triangle —seen from the floor looking up. The hole is usually large enough for a pencil and the purpose is to hang a leather thong through it. Hanging on the thong is a shell or rock, or anything heavy enough to dangle from a three or four-inch thong. Even a lead sinker did very well in a pinch. The French colonists called this unique piercing a Guiche, (Geesh) meaning "opening in something".

When Reggie told me this, I started panting. Here we go again! Reggie showed me his adornment. I had to have one to "keep up with the Joneses." The following day, after our night of fishing, we went into the Chinese general store and Reggie bought a ring for me. That afternoon Reggie looked me over and was amazed at my other piercings.

Then he showed me where the guiche would be most practical for my purpose. I slipped off my pareo, leaned over, hands on thighs and Reggie, from the rear, did the honors. He placed the ring in its proper placement and just squeezed it gently but firmly. So quick and easy, no aftercare, no real preparation for its installation.

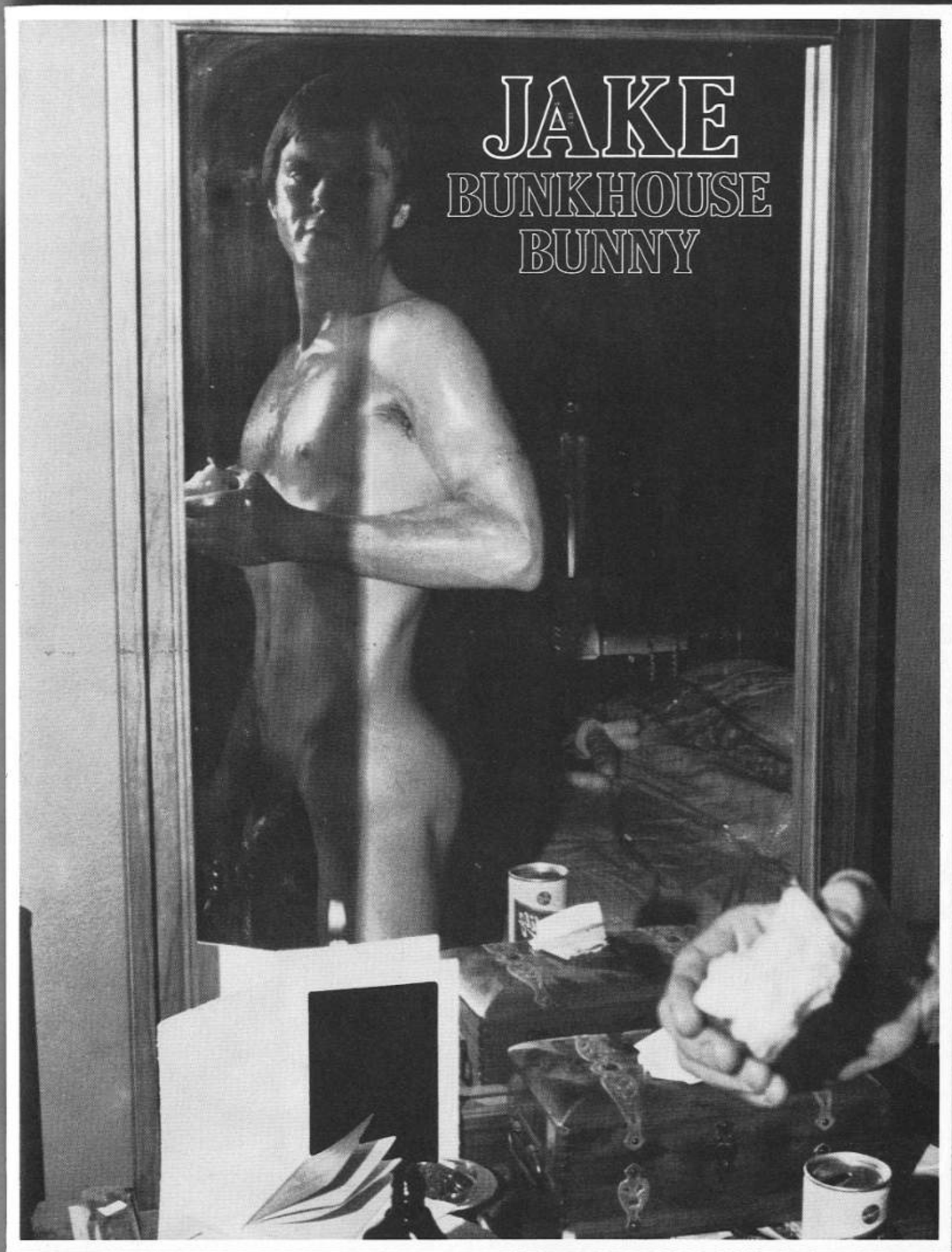
Today my Guiche piercing is permanently placed and the bangle removed if not being used. It's not pencil size, but a modest 5/8" interlocking ring. I never remove my Guiche ring because it never interferes with tight underwear. One of the real pleasures of life is a Guiche if you're able to wear the tropical clothing for which it is intended. Walking, the bangle bangs against my balls and legs and gives me an added delight, a constant reminder that I'm a fully-developed sexually adequate man.

In the course of the years I've been involved in some exciting experiments. Once in Florida we decided to extend my original through-the-end "Prince Albert" to connect it at the same angle to a hole coming out the top of the cockhead. The trans-piercing was no problem and healed soon, but it was never a pleasure to wear a stud or a ring through it. There was constant irritation so the piercing was abandoned. However, it is still "on call" if wanted for later action.

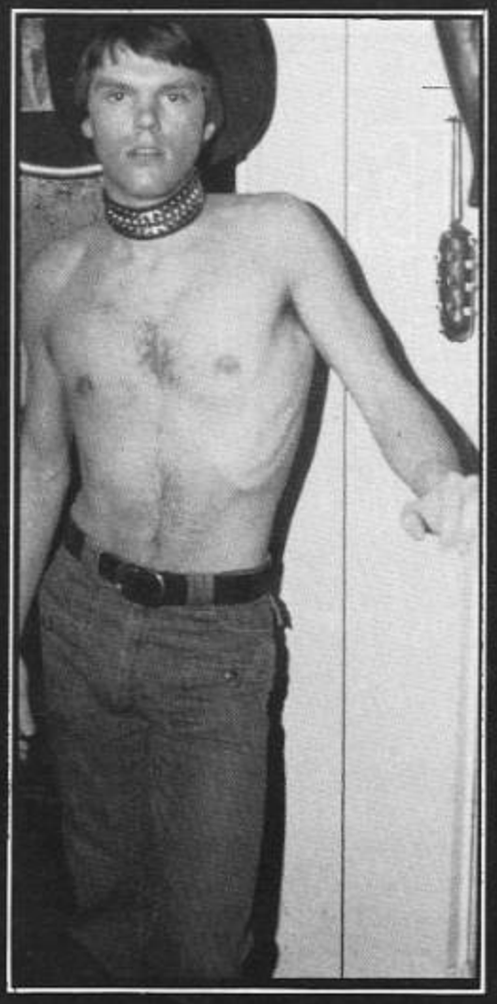
Early in the game I had my nipples pierced but the chap who did it was inexperienced and nervous. His work was sloppy, one ring slanted to the left and the other cocked to the right. The following day, when I looked in the mirror, I removed them and never had them repierced. I admire these men with big round, fully developed nipples, but mine were such little pimples that I really had little to work with. Some men want their piercings at the base, the surface next to the nipple shield while others want it at the center, midway between the tip and shield. To each his own, I've seen them both ways, including top to bottom variations. Usually a piercing buff wants his nipples pierced as a starter, right after his left ear is pierced, but most beginners are inexperienced and today I see the bad result of many impulsive piercings.

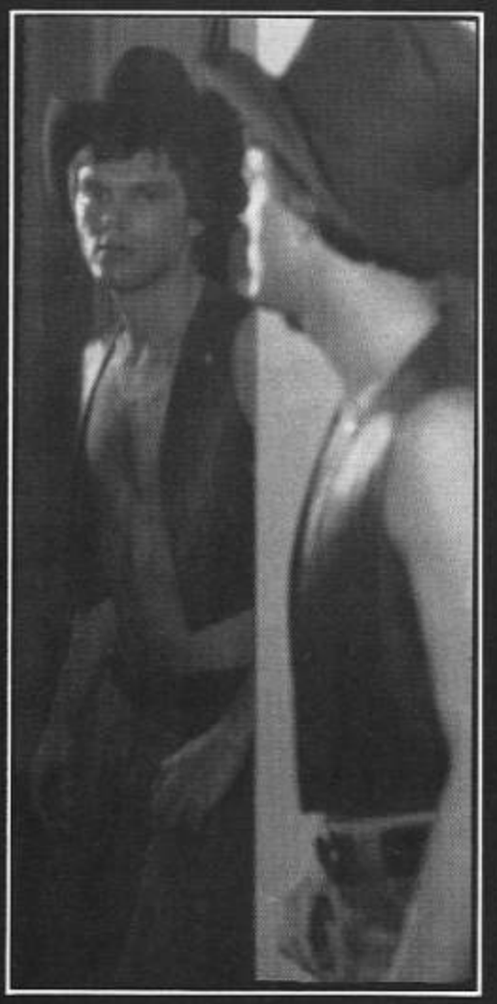
It seems so simple and easy to poke a hole in the side of the scrotum, but to what purpose? Yes, you can hang an earring there, but what will that gain you? The hole will spread and heal eventually, but it will be no real pleasure sexually. Scrotum piercing can be done by real experts who know their trade. But be sure that's what you really want. In closing, once a piercing freak, always a piercing freak. I pity the poor lonesome sonofabitch who locks himself in his closet. He is missing so much. Piercings can be a real joy to do, and have done by another who appreciates it. The loners are short-changing themselves. Under the right conditions, piercing is one of the greatest of the indoor sports.

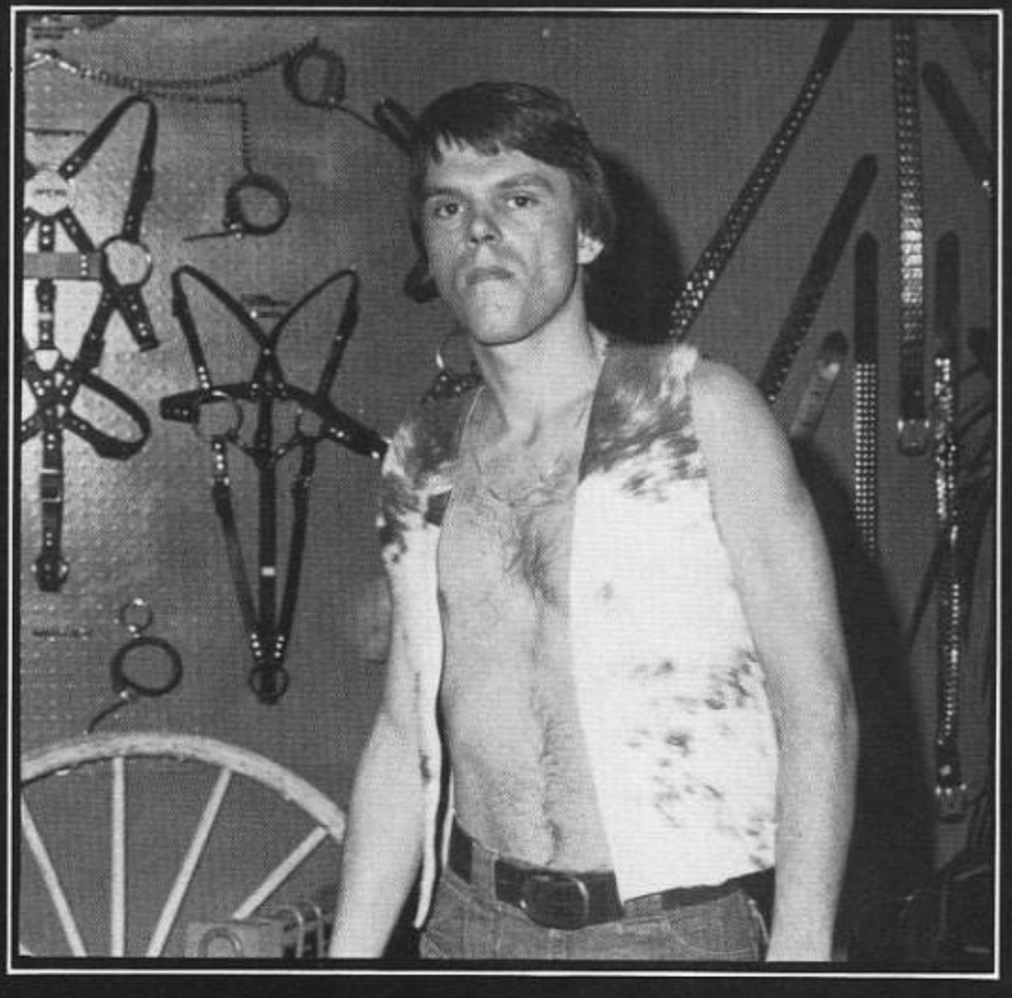
To those of you out there who are also piercing freaks, I'm interested in hearing from you about your adventures. I'm writing a book, a long-needed reference book on the subject of piercing. I'll be including lots of wonderful examples of "The art of piercing," pictures and text, piercing in all its forms, ancient times down to the present. I'd also like to mention that this article was co-authored by Mr. Wun Sickstein of England, with a preface by Mr. Bill Skuse of Aldershot. My special thanks to Sir Bud for his help and guidance. Maybe you can be one of the "stars" in the book. Let us hear from you.

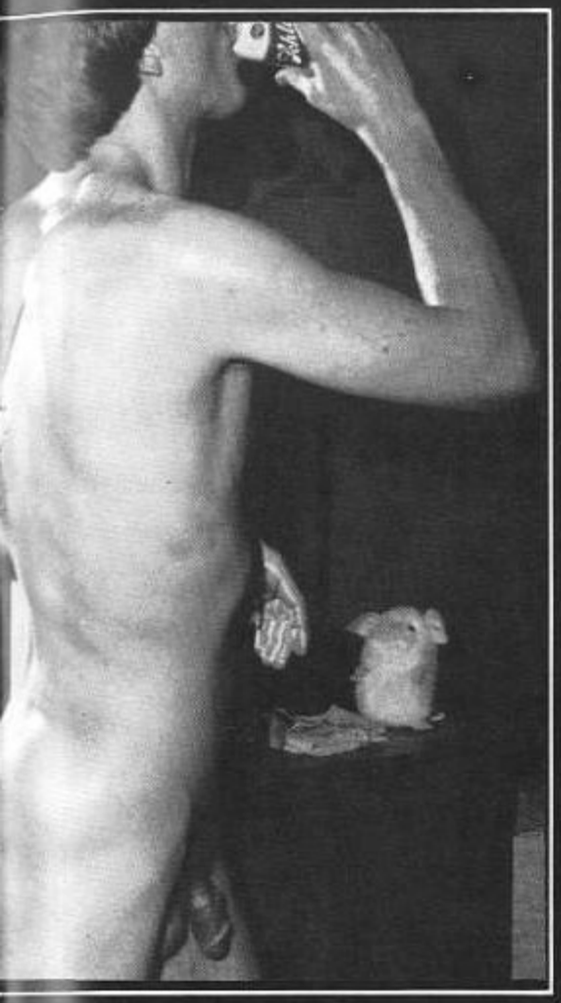


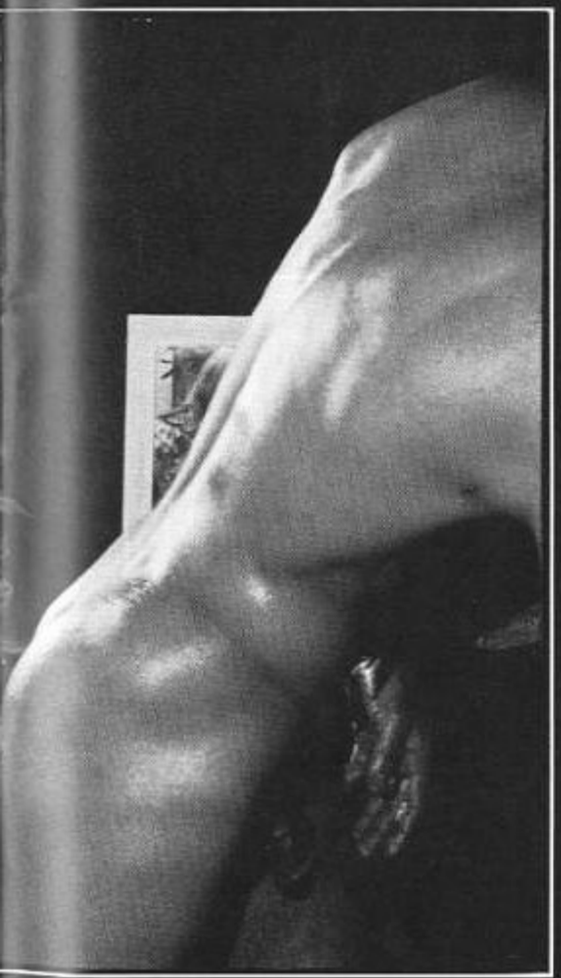
Photos by BUNKHOUSE MEN

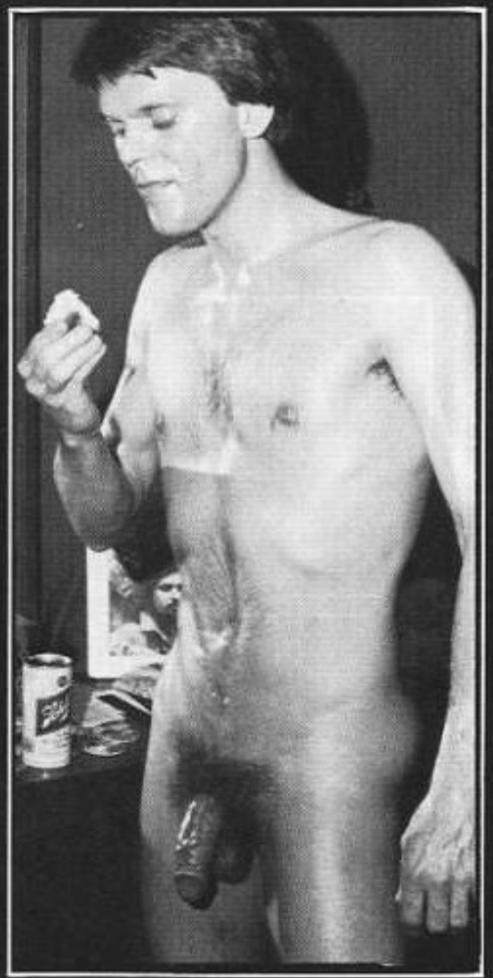












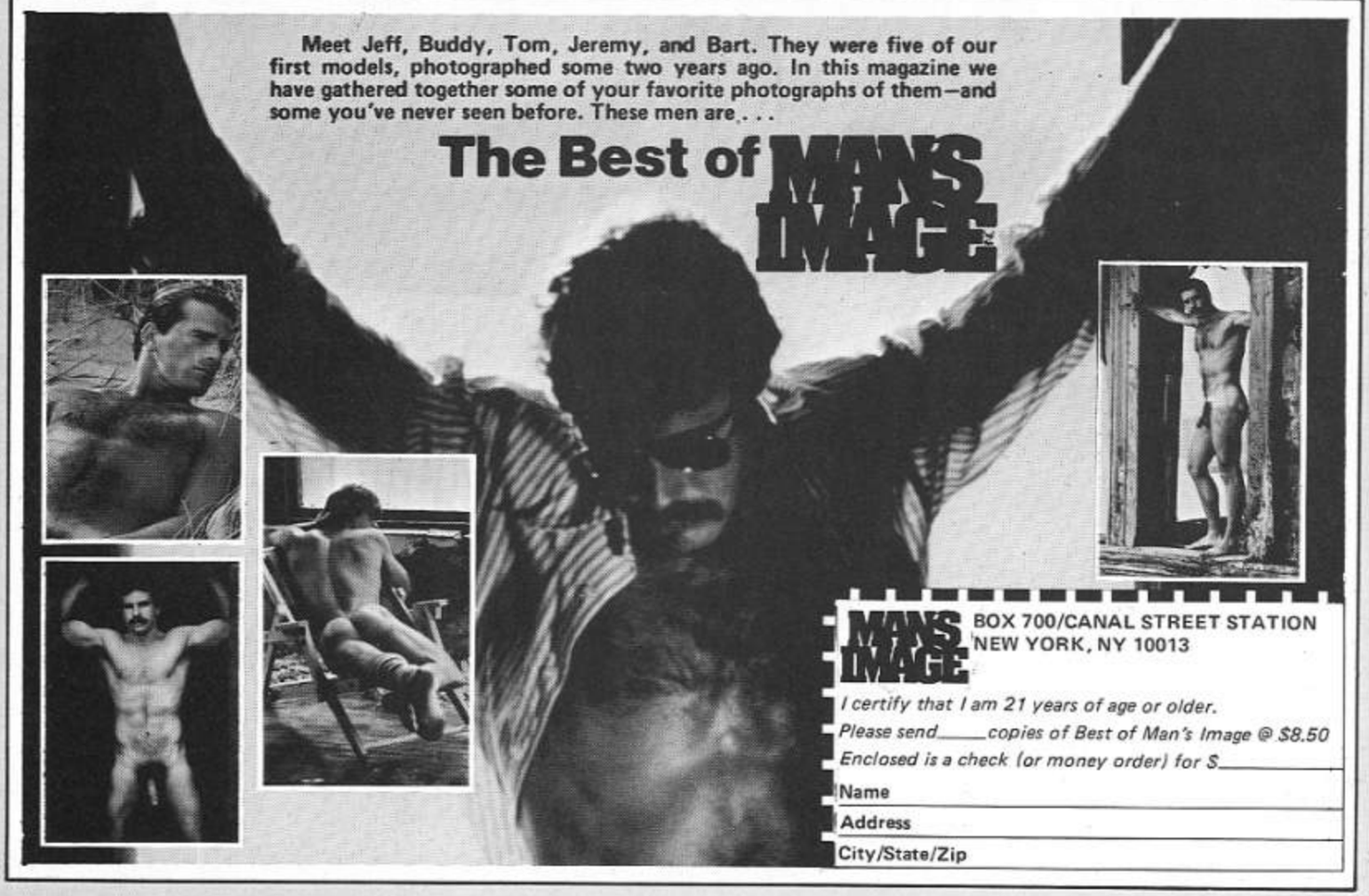
Gauntlet enterprises

makers of

Quality Jewelry for Body Piercing

P. O. BOX 3950, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90212

(850 N. San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069)


Meet Jeff, Buddy, Tom, Jeremy, and Bart. They were five of our first models, photographed some two years ago. In this magazine we have gathered together some of your favorite photographs of them—and some you've never seen before. These men are. . .
The Best of MAN'S IMAGE
MAN'S IMAGE
BOX 700/CANAL STREET STATION
NEW YORK, NY 10013
I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.
Please send____copies of Best of Man's Image @ $8.50
Enclosed is a check (or money order) for $____
Name
Address
City/State/Zip

CONFIDENTIAL PHOTO FINISHING

Your personal films developed by experts. Pose your models as you like.

PRINT FILMS	Color	B&W
12 Exposures	3.90	2.90
20 Exposures	5.90	4.50
36 Exposures	9.90	7.70

Slides 20 Ex. 2.50—36 Ex. 3.50

All 8mm Movies $3. Color reprints .25

Five Color copies & neg. of Polaroid $2.

Spectra Photo

P.O. Box 258 Syracuse, N.Y. 13201

R.F.M. Products

RACKS
WHIPPING
HORSES
NOVELTIES
LEATHER
BOOKS
8MM
color movies
What ever

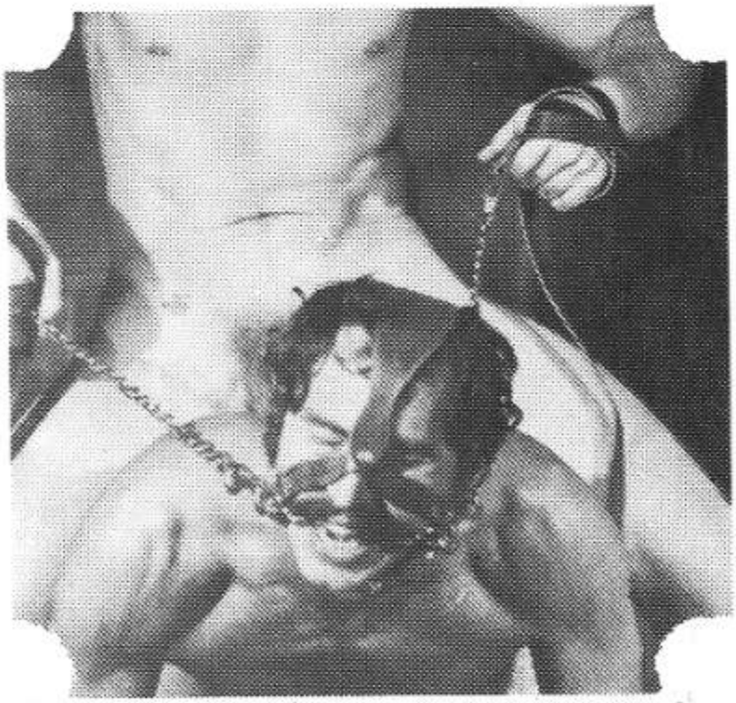
Everything for the S/M community from large racks to small leather toys. We sell movies on S/M related subjects – write books, The Life of a Masochist is one. We have the most complete line of products for the S/M community to be found. For completely illustrated catalog send $2.00 to: R.F.M.

P.O. Box 1025
Glendora, CA 91740

HANGIN' TREE LEATHER®

WORLD'S 1st WESTERN STYLE 'TOY' CATALOG

Now in 8mm COLOR!



"COWBOYS ride longer & harder in HANGIN' TREE LEATHER!"

LEATHER 'TOYS' 200' film. . .$15

'SADDLE TRAMP & the COWBOY' 400'. . .$30

35mm COLOR SLIDE SET (5). . .$6

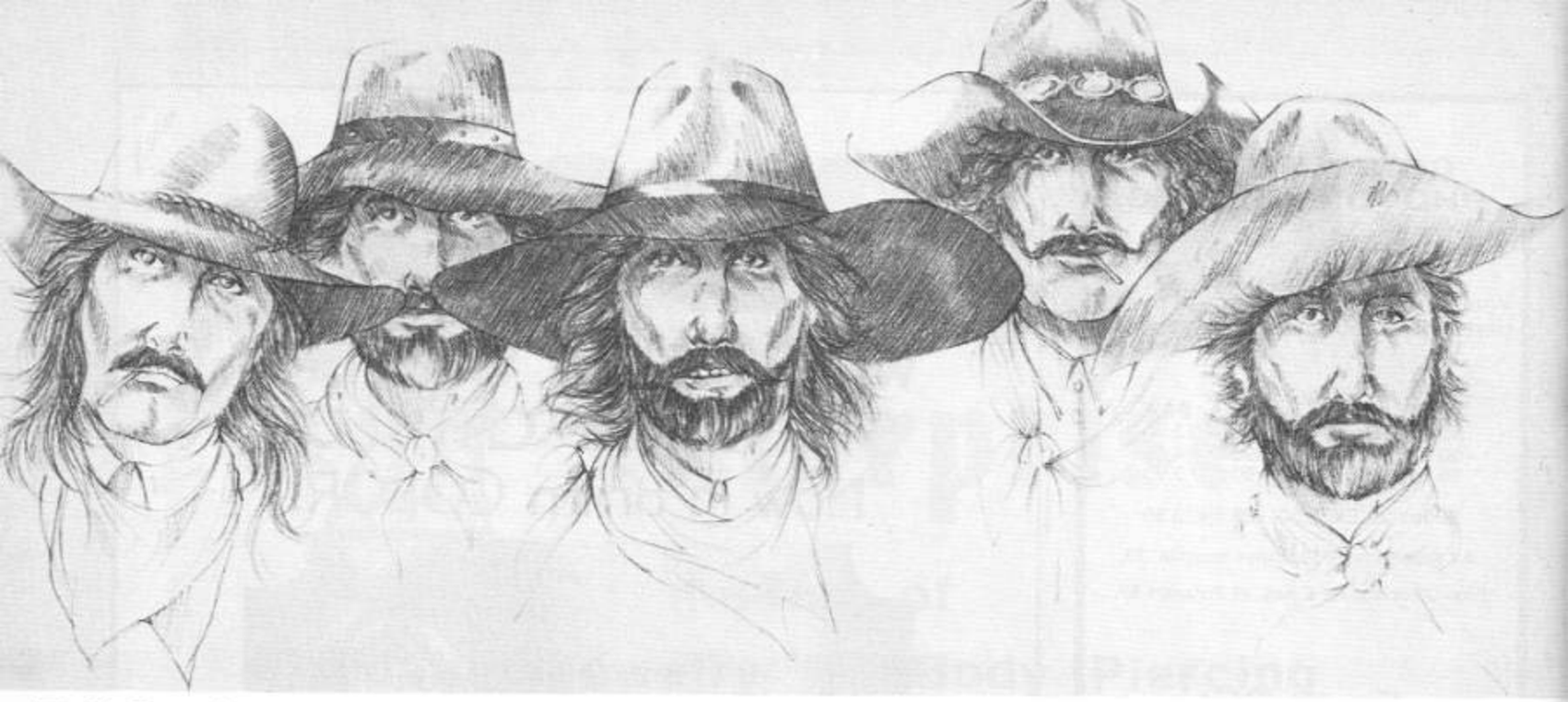
JUMBO COLOR ILLUSTRATED PRINTED CATALOG. . .$3

must state 21

HANGIN' TREE RANCH®

P.O. Box 548
Monterey, Ca. 93940

(Calif. add 6% tax & Overseas add 10% shpg)



FOCUS:

RODEO RIDERS of Chicago

by Nick Carpinelli

The Rodeo Riders is a young club that has gone through many changes in its two and a half years. The club was founded in December of 1975 in Elkhart, Indiana by Ernie Day, the clubs first President. The Rodeo Riders of Indiana, as it was then named, soon became associated with a Chicago Western bar. The club began to grow and soon the majority of its membership was drawn from the Chicago area. In June of 1976 the Rodeo Riders became a Chicago based club; the first Western-Levi club in Chicago.

In keeping with the Western theme of the club the officers were given designations with a bit of a Western flavor: Foreman (President), Ranger (Vice President), Trail Boss (Secretary), Top Hand (Treasurer), Cattleman (Road Captain).

The original membership of the Rodeo Riders was four. Today that number has grown at an incredible rate and there are associate members throughout the United States and Canada. The Rodeo Riders are a great bunch of guys who are involved in many important Chicago activities. Many of the clubs members are accomplished horsemen. Rodeo Riders outings and events are guaranteed to be super fun.

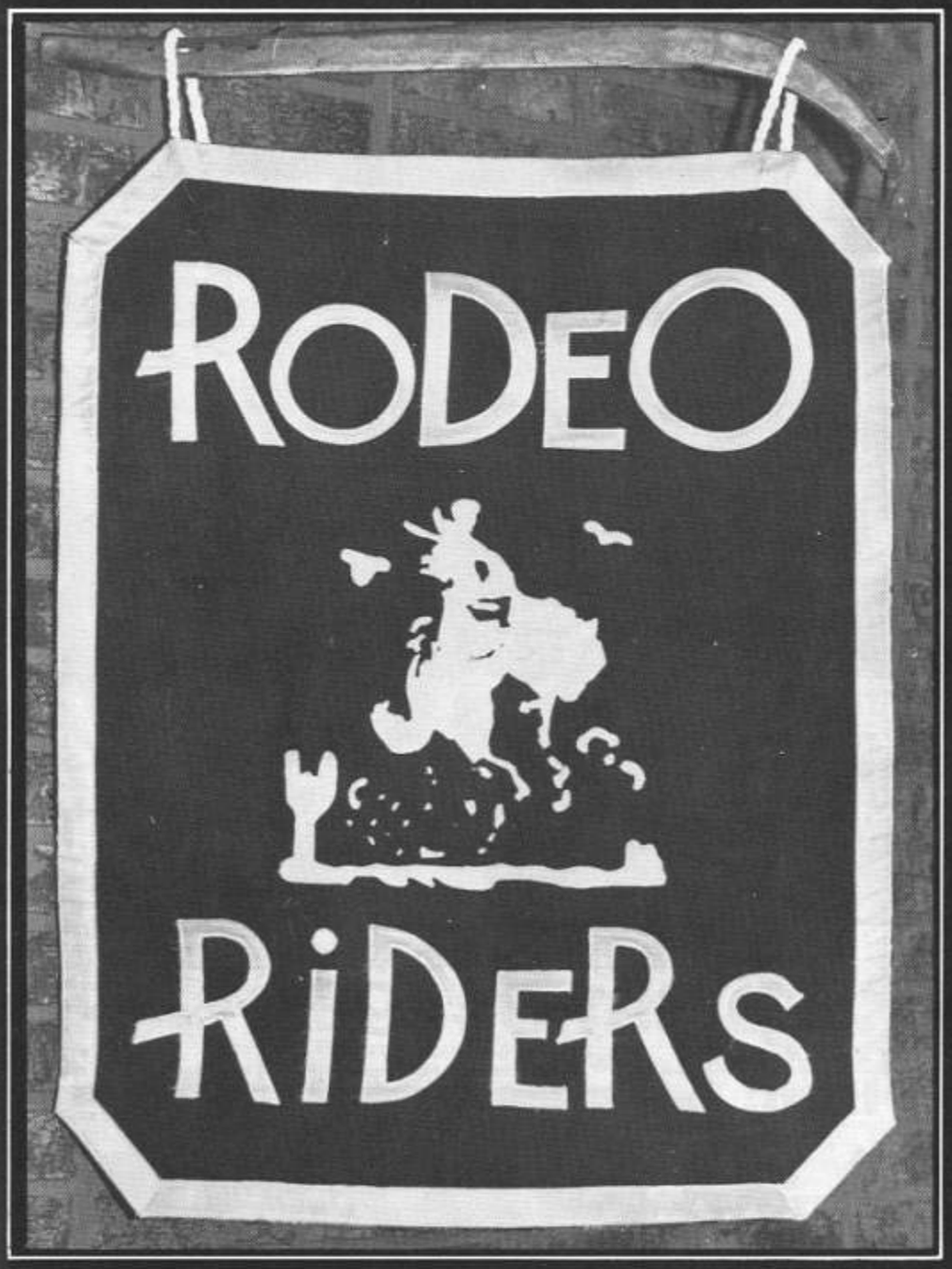
On the weekend of December 1-3, 1978 the Rodeo Riders will hold Rodeo 3, the clubs third anniversary celebration. If this event is anything like Rodeo 2, the second anniversary, it may turn out to be the celebration of the year.

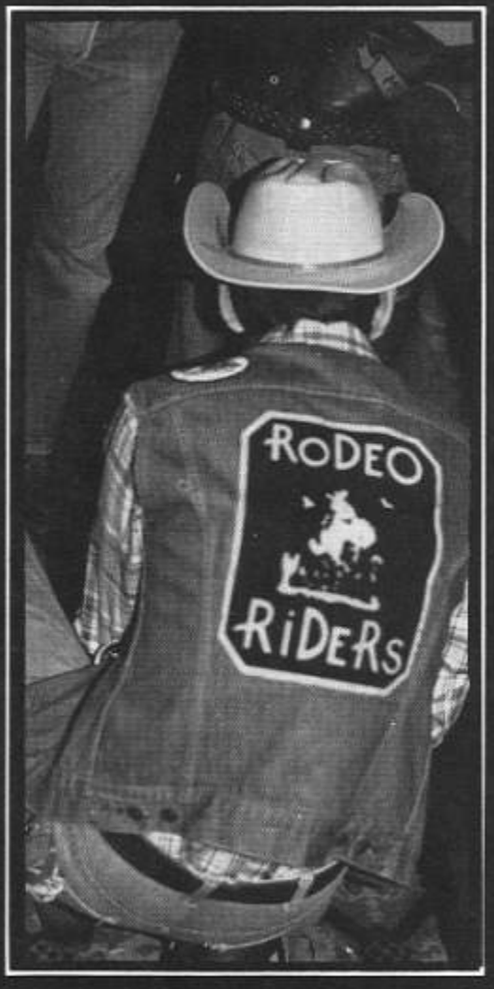
At Rodeo 2, last December, everything was planned with an outdoor format in mind but the anniversary was moved indoors because of inclement weather. The top two floors of the Lincoln Hotel became the OK Corral. There was an eleborate buffet and cocktail party provided by the Rodeo Riders. Throughout the weekend there were parties given by Blue Max, Cornhaulers, K.C. Pioneers, Selectmen and Silver Star, M.C. On Saturday the activities were moved to Horses, Inc. 2857 N. Halsted, starting with breakfast and then onto games and competitions. We salute the ingenuity of club Foreman Peter Thomas and Cattleman Chet Lawson in arranging for an indoor version of outdoor events, on such short notice. There were People Events, the Veranda Event and the Rodeo Riders own version of the Endure, brought indoors. This was complete with bikes (actually tricycles), helmets and endurance court. For the evening the hall was transformed into a beautiful dinning room. After the fabulous dinner everyone was treated to an hour of entertainment entitled "We Didn't Promise You A Rodeo", staring all of the Rodeo Riders. During the evening the Pride, Chicago presented the Rodeo Riders with their colors, declaring them their Brother club. On Sunday morning there was a fully catered breakfast and presentation of awards for the various competitions. The Rodeo Riders will continue the precedents they set during Rodeo 1 and Rodeo 2 and will seperate the Intown and the Out-of-town club participation trophies, giving both clubs a chance to win trophies.

Rodeo 2 weekend was one of the greatest events to hit the Midwest. During that entire weekend the Lincoln Hotel was the hottest spot in town. Clubs from all over America participated in the event and some of the hunkiest men in the country could be found in Chicago that weekend.

The Rodeo Riders home bar in Chicago is the Iron Butterfly 1437 N. Wells Street, in Old Town. The Iron Butterfly is about halfway between the Gold Coast and Redoubt, and Touche. If you are making the rounds of Chicago's Leather-Western-Levi bars stop at the Iron Butterfly and have a drink in the Rodeo Riders corral. You will have a great time with a great bunch of guys.

Rodeo 3 is expected to far surpass Rodeo 2. This will be a weekend that should not be missed. For a schedule of events and complete information on Rodeo 3 contact Rodeo Riders, Inc. c/o Peter Thomas, Foreman, 2700 Hampden Court, Chicago, IL 60614





Photos Courtesy Donovan F. Ash, Chains of Brotherhood

STOP!!

IF YOU ENJOY ANY TYPE OF MALE ORIENTED MATERIAL FROM ANY MAIL ORDER STUDIO OR BOOKSTORE YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO CHECK ME OUT! CELEBRATE WITH US OUR FIFTH YEAR OF SERVICE TO YOU! **DONT MISS OUT - HOT BARGAINS**

MY NEWEST 16 PAGE COLOR GLOSSY CATALOGUE (6 pages B/W - 10 all color) describes over 100 items (illustrated with dozens of photographs) such as:

Multiple action films, 200 ft. color for $12.75
Magazines $10.00 covers For $6.00
paperback books $1.50 each postpaid.

LOCKER ROOM
$2.00 per bottle

and the best selection of color slides, glossy photos, new rubber goods, room oderizers, sound cassettes, and action climax film on body builders available anywhere. Why risk being seen in bookstores, and, or pay more elsewhere.

CATALOGUE-2$

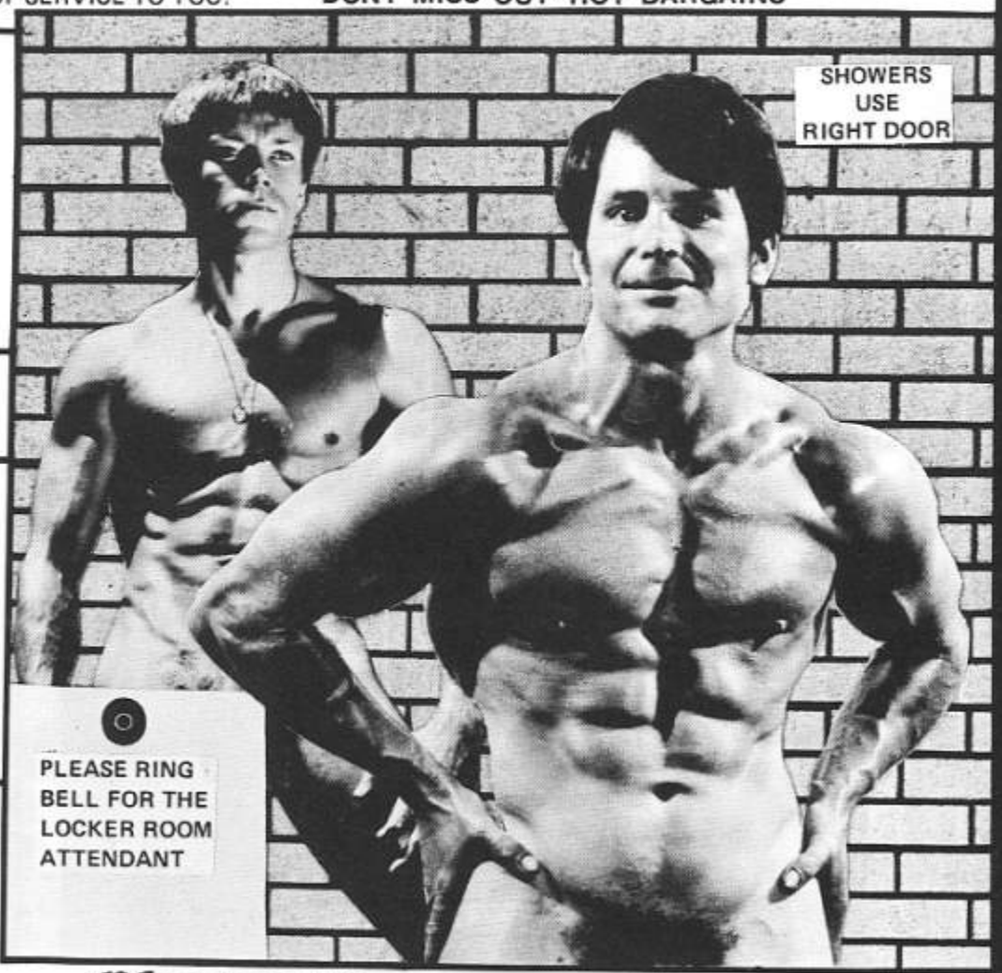
SAMPLE PACK OF 5 - 8" x 10" B/W GLOSSY PHOTOS plus one sample slide with above will show you more title-winning body builder friends.
CATALOGUE - 9" by 11" plus sample pac — 5$

CALENDAR of SUPERSTARS

Includes David and Dennis, and four other superstars of equel or superior calibre in 12 full color 9" x 11", all color photos. Alex Rodstand, Ken Helmsman, John Premier, and Tom Craine, David and Dennis (illustrated here) make this a gift that will keep on giving, all year long. Order now and receive the poster P-1 below FREE with calendar.

CA 1-1978 **5$**

CA - 1 with poster -(compare with others in $8 - $10 range)



DAVID CARTER STUDIOS

P.O. BOX 972
VENICE, CA 90291

First class postage, plain brown wrappers included. All names ordering are kept in strict confidence and never traded or sold. Credit cards are also good for modeling sessions

MASTERCHARGE BANKAMERICARD VISA or AM. EXPRESS

Phone in your order now!

213-391-5449 David only Keep trying if we are out. Seldom seen elsewhere! Attendant (213) 397-0600

P-1 WHAT IS DAVID UP TO IN THIS PHOTO? See the rest of him in full color, 10 by 22 inch glossy poster. **2$**

BLAST OFF with him!

LOCKER ROOM .3 oz. bottle **2$**

SAMPLE our FILM now!

SEE HIM PUMP IT UP in his sixty foot color sample film and go all the way!
INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL (jock strap climax film)
F - 27 super or regular 8mm (JACK IN JOCK) NEW only ..... **7$**

LET HIM TELL YOU ABOUT IT!
in his new erotic sound cassette - How it feels to get it on as he removes it after his workout!
CASSETTE C - 27 (30 minutes) works on any cassette player ..... **5$**

LOOK YOUR BEST!

for the summer beach season that is coming soon! A 60 page book with forty, illustrations of David doing the exercises nude gets you off on the right start. Results begin showing in about two weeks. Nutrition and exercise is discussed, and the course is geared for the fastest possible results.
B - 1 60 page bodybuilding course written and modeled by David..... only **5$**

plain paper orders & personal letters welcome

ORDER FORM

David Carter
P.O. Box 972
Venice, CA 90291

I am 21 years of age or older.

DAVID CARTER STUDIOS

CLIP 'n mail now!

Name_____
Signature_____ (Please sign as it appears on credit card)
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
BankAmericard Mastercharge
Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____ Mo. Year
Prices include postage and handling.

DAVID

RUSH ME ITEMS: #	amount

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

ISSUE 2 ISSUE 3 ISSUE 6 ISSUE 7 ISSUE 8 ISSUE 9

BACK ISSUES ARE GOING FAST!

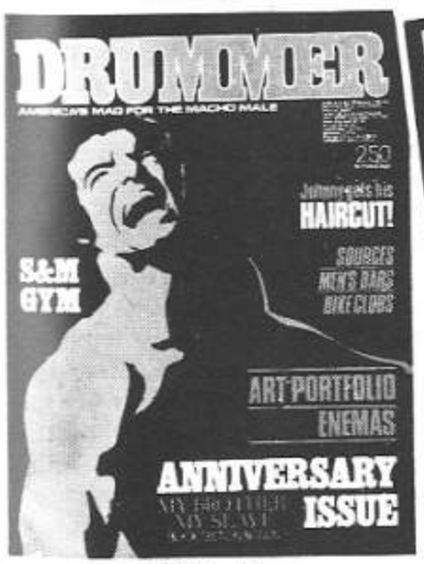
ISSUE 10 ISSUE 11 ISSUE 12 ISSUE 13 ISSUE 14 ISSUE 15

DRUMMER

MORE FICTION, MORE ORIGINAL ART, MORE PHOTOGRAPHY, MORE PAGES IN DRUMMER!

while they last..

$2.50 PLUS 50c POSTAGE EACH



ISSUE 16

BEST & WORST OF DRUMMER

DRUMMER 1730 DIVISADERO SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94115

Please send me the following back issues (2) (3) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) (16) (17) (18) (19) (20) ($2.50 each) ( ) Best & Worst of DRUMMER $4.95
Enclose 50c for each magazine ordered.

Name_____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip_____

☐ I WANT A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO DRUMMER STARTING WITH THE NEXT ISSUE. ENCLOSED FIND $30 (12 ISSUES) — FIRST CLASS IS $10 ADDITIONAL.
☐ I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE ALTERNATE. ENCLOSED FIND $15 (12 ISSUES). FIRST CLASS IS $5 ADDITIONAL.

I AM OF LEGAL AGE (SIGN) _____.

SPURS AND DIAMONDS

continued from page 12

the other machine so they wouldn't be interrupted. Ty took a deep breath and exhaled it slowly. He looked at his reflection in the mirrored walls. He gripped his cock and stroked up the long shaft and ran a thumb over the wide mauve head. A sensation like electricity jetted through him.

Then the door opened. Ty looked up expecting to see his friend enter. It wasn't Bric. Ty rested up on his elbows and looked harder, knitting his brow in confusion. A moment of panic shot through him at the stranger's presence. The man was in the shadow and Ty could hardly see him, but then the man walked slowly toward the bed and Ty heard a faint jangling sound under the music. Looking at the stranger's feet Ty saw that he wore spurs on his cowboy boots. His eyes drifting up Ty realized that the man was in semi-cowboy outfit, complete with a stetson set on his head.

The cowboy stopped at the foot of the bed, arms at his sides and smiled down at Ty.

'You're one bronco who's gonna get a ride you won't forget,' the man said in a deep midwestern drawl.

Panic evaporated, but not the confusion and Ty decided it would all come together later and lay back with his hands behind his head. He was ready and he never passed up a good ride when the opportunity presented itself. And this humpy cowboy looked like he knew just what to do once he got in the saddle.

The cowboy untied the bandana about his neck and dropped it to the floor, gripped the snaps of his shirt and with both hands yanked it open all the way down. Pierced through each erect nipple of the man's chest were tiny spurs which glinted and sparked in the light as he took off his boots and jeans. Instinctively Ty fingered his own nipple rings and tugged them gently.

The cowboy was hung like the proverbial horse. He climbed into the bed and straddled Ty's chest. From the floor he took the other bottle of amyl and inhaled deeply. In all of this he had not removed his stetson.

Ty took a hit of amyl from his bottle and settled back. The cowboy took Ty's tit rings in each hand, pressing them between his thumbs and index fingers and turned them slowly from side to side. Ty groaned loudly with pleasure and moved his ass about. The cowboy continued this, following the music, and then flopped his cock onto Ty's face rubbing it over his mouth, cheeks and eyes. Ty opened his mouth to receive it and the cowboy drove it in to the hilt, grinding his thick pubic hair against Ty's straining mouth.

Ty obeyed and sucked furiously, wetting the shaft all the way up and all the way down until his jaws ached. The man pressed the bottle under his nose again and inhaled deeply. Ty thrashed about under him, trying to ease the man over onto his side, but the cowboy stayed astride him.

Sweat ran down the cowboy's chest, through the matting of hair, over his stomach and Ty tasted the salty wetness and sucked even harder. Then the cowboy pulled back, maneuvering himself between Ty's legs. He threw a leg over each of his shoulders and slid a hand between Ty's legs, separating the cheeks. With his free hand he grabbed the can of Crisco from the floor, flipped off the lid and scooped out a generous amount which he slapped between Ty's legs. Ty groaned again, louder and with imense expectation of the incredibly large cock sliding up his ass. The cowboy kept him waiting, working his hand over the ass, inserting one and then two fingers inside. Ty was nearly out of his mind with wanting to be fucked and held his legs wide apart.

The cowboy thrust forward, driving his cock into Ty's ass. He gripped Ty's arms and pinned him to the mattress and rode him like a pro, moving his hips in a circular motion and then slapping his hips hard against Ty's ass. He bent over and licked Ty's nipples, biting at the rings. The cowboy moaned and leaned up. He drove frantically into Ty and just as he came whipped off his stetson, waved it in the air, threw his head back and gave out a loud, deep yell.

The cowboy withdrew his cock slowly and sat back on his haunches. Both men were drenched with sweat and smiled contentedly at each other. Without a word the cowboy reached over to Ty's chest and removed each nipple ring, laying them on the floor. Ty started to protest but the man motioned him to be quiet as he removed the spurs from his own nipples and fitted them through Ty nipples. Ty looked at him questioningly.

'Happy birthday, stud,' was all the cowboy said before he stood, gathered up his clothes and left the room.

Ty looked down at the gold spurs in his still erect nipples, fingered them curiously and then laughed. So this was Bric's surprise, he thought. Well, he hadn't come yet and rested back, relaxing, waiting for Bric to come in to complete the evening. As he was thinking of Bric the door opened again and another man entered, closing the door softly behind himself.

The man was naked from the waist up and showed a hot, muscled chest, a slight brushing of hair between the full pectorals. The clinging sailor pants rode low on his hips, displaying a smooth, flat abdomen. Although he wore no shirt the sailor had his cap resting back on his head of vividly black hair, and he was smiling seductively at Ty, eyelids slightly lowered. In his right hand he carried an open can of beer, the 16 ounce size, and brought it up to his lips. He took a long drink as he unbuttoned the front of the pants. This done he let the flap fall but made no move to pull the pants down. He hooked a thumb into the waist of the pants and smiled again at Ty.

'Thirsty?' the sailor asked in a velvet voice, holding the can of beer out to Ty, who slid off the bed to stand in front of him. Ty realized that he was indeed thirsty, his throat parched from all the smoke, amyl and coke. But when he reached for the can the sailor held it back and gripped his shoulder, pushing him firmly but gently to his knees. Ty looked up expectantly but the sailor only tilted his head back and drained the beer can before discarding it in the shadows. He pulled Ty's face forward and pressed it into his crotch. Ty followed the command and with his teeth and tongue worked the pants down a little and took out the cock, which was not so much long as it was wide. Ty was delighted that it wasn't circumcised. He began to suck it slowly, feeling the heavy fleshiness against his tongue and cheeks.

'Don't get it hard, man' the sailor said in a low voice. 'Just hold it in there. You're going to get a nice long drink.'

And just as the man finished speaking Ty felt the piss stream into his mouth, diluted with much beer, warm and salty. He groaned with pleasure and looked up to see the sailor arch his body slightly back and hold Ty's head with both hands. The stomach muscles tensed and Ty felt him strain as more piss flooded his mouth and he swallowed evenly. This was one thing he was well-practiced at and did not let a drop escape until the man let it go in a faster stream and the golden liquid spilled out of the corners of his mouth, splashed on

his chest and down on his cock, which was standing straight up.

Finally, the sailor finished and took a deep breath. Ty swallowed the last of it and dropped his head back taking deep breaths. The sailor pulled Ty to his feet and then dropped to his knees and took Ty's straining cock into his mouth. Ty relaxed and let the piss shoot into the sailor's mouth, but when he felt himself finishing he pulled out and hosed the sailor down, directing the stream of warm piss over his face, over the wide shoulders, down the chest. The man grunted a deep sound and opened his mouth. Ty took aim with his cock and finished off in the man's mouth.

After a pause the sailor stood and pulled his pants back up, buttoning them again. He gripped Ty by the back of the neck and kissed him hard, rubbing their wet bodies together. He broke the embrace and left the room.

Searching under the bed Ty found several towels and extracted one to dry himself and then collapsed on the bed on his stomach.

He'd hardly had time to think about exactly what was happening or what to expect next when the door to the game room opened again. He looked over his shoulder. The door closed and a tall, extremely muscled man entered. Ty turned over onto his back and sat up. At first he could not say anything-he had seen some beautiful, perfectly developed bodies in his time, but this man was near perfection. With shadows and soft light falling all about him the man was an awsome spectacle before him. Ty leaned forward to see the man better. He knew that face, he told himself. It was more than vaguely familiar, but right now he couldn't place where he'd seen it.

The man paused before the bed, keeping his naked body in half-shadow, for maximum effect, and struck a pose. He was oiled from head to toe and the light glistened off him. His body, hard with bulging muscles seemed as smooth as polished leather and Ty longed to touch it. Around his neck the man wore a silver inhaler on a chain. He uncapped this and took a deep breath. In turn Ty took a bottle of amyl and breathed from it through his mouth. The music welled up. Ty slid up to sit on the edge of the bed, about three feet from the man. He was eye level with the man's cock.

Raising his arms and turning sideways the man struck a pose. He began to move through a choreographed set of poses that showed his development to it's fullest advantage and through all this Ty strained to remember where he had seen that face-the swept back hair, hard set jaw, slightly slanted eyes, full, pouty mouth. The man turned around and rippled his back muscles and flexed his perfectly shaped buttocks. Ty was impressed with the control the man showed over every single movement. When he turned back around the man's cock was erect and Ty suddenly realized who he was. It was 'Mark Brand'. At least that was the name he'd read in the credits of half a dozen male porno movies he'd seen the man in. It was the man's cock that jarred Ty's memory. He'd not seen a cock with just that certain left curvature before-long, fat and curved slightly. On any other man it might have been an oddity, but on Mark Brand it was pure erotica.

Mark stood there, not looking at Ty, but at his own reflection in the mirrored walls, inspecting himself and obviously pleased with what he saw.

Ty slid off the bed and stood before Mark. He was nervous. Mark Brand had been a mastrubation fantasy of his for some time and the reality of him standing there, waiting for Ty to touch him was overwhelming. Ty placed his hands on the man's hips and bent forward and licked his nipples and then traced his tongue down the sternum, across the stomach and into the pubic hair. He flicked his tongue up the cock and bit lightly at the head. Ty sat back and stared at the man, smothing his hands over the taut, oiled skin. He moved about the man and licked at his back and down to the ass. Mark clamped his cheeks together into rock hard domes as Ty bit at them and licked harder. Mark went into a pose and held it-his arms up, hands clasped behind his head. Ty worked his way around to squat down in front of Mark again. He did not suck the cock into his mouth as he wanted because he'd seen enough of this man's films to know Mark Brand's 'speciality' and he wanted to experience it first hand. Ty rested back and waited. Mark watched Ty watching him and began to breathe harder, groaned aloud and came. The cum shot out about two feet and Ty moved quickly to let it spatter across his face and chest, and then leaned forward and sucked the cock as hard as he had always fantasised sucking it. Finally Mark's cock went limp in Ty's mouth. Ty pulled back and slid onto the bed on his back. Mark turned and left.

Ty's balls ached for wanting release. He couldn't wait any longer and took a gob of Crisco, smeared it on his cock and began stroking. He closed his eyes and thought about the cowboy, the sailor and especially Mark Brand, all doing their thing to him-at once pissing on him, and coming on him. His hand became a blur as he stroked.

'Cut it out!' The command was barked by a deep, masculine voice.

Startled, Ty stopped and opened his eyes. Standing at the foot of the bed was a short, blond man wearing silvered sun glasses and a full leather outfit. The man removed the glasses and tucked them into a pocket. In one hand he carried a small round can encased in leather with the word CRISCO spelled out in silver studs. In the other hand he carried a series of six rubber balls connected onto a leather thong. The man stared at Ty intently as he dropped the can and the balls on the bed. Then he removed his clothes.

Ty felt a little embarrassed, not having heard the man enter and rested back. From his discarded leather jacket the man took a pack of cigarettes, lit one and passed the pack to Ty who did the same. The man stroked his cock hard as he looked at Ty.

'Any limits?' the man asked.

Ty thought a moment and then ringed his thumb and index finger about one arm, just above the elbow. The man smiled lustily at the silent reply and climbed onto the bed, between Ty's legs. He finished his cigarette with ease, completely in control of the situation. Ty stabbed his cigarette out in an ash tray and the man did the same.

The music came up louder and Ty noticed for the first time that Bric, somewhere in the outer apartment, had put on a tape of slow, exotic, pulsating jazz, perfect for long, slow, easy sessions. Ty handed the man one of the bottles of poppers and sniffed from his own. Immediately his ass began to tingle. He looked the man over, pleased with the thick, curly chest hair and hard, tapered body, and then he noticed nestled about the man's cock, a leather cock ring studded with what appeared to be small pieces of skilfully cut glass.

The man bent over and pulled all of the dildos onto the bed. He opened his can of Crisco and greased up the butt plug, making a great display of showing Ty exactly what he was doing. Ty eased further down and rested his feet up on the man's thighs, giving his ass full ex-

continued on page 58

READY, WILLING AND *SABLE*

THE ART OF KAS SABLE

Photos by D. James Dee/courtesy of the Robert Samuel Gallery

Thirty-two year old Kas Sable has lived most of his life in the South and West. For the past nine years he has made his home in New York with sojourns in Boston, Provincetown, and Nashville, Tennessee. Sable's drawings suggest many elements that speak of America. He frequently removes familiar objects from bygone eras; cars, houses, articles of clothing, are translated through his subjects and speak of both time past, but more sharply of today, so that their accepted meaning is modified, enhanced, and called into question. Not only does the viewer see the figures but also the relationship that exists between the artist and his subjects. At his best, Sable offers us desperate elements interacting in a mystifying fashion, challenging assumptions, yet offering no clear answer. They are not riddles to be answered and forgotten, but enigmas to be explored and pondered. The viewer is intrigued with what may be some mysterious drama.

Sable's work can be very unassuming, forthright, direct, even blunt, and yet very deceptive. His subjects and images work simultaneously as vehicles transmitting electrically charged emotions. Hair of nervous strands drawn with broken lines and swirls of the pencil; belts, boots, hats, clothing, sheets; all electrically animated lines. At the same time, Sable's figures seem frozen with all their energies coming from within as if posed by a photographer. But Sable has managed to capture that moment of truth, sometimes only with a glance, yet always touching the emotional rhythms which originate from his innermost self. He reveals compelling romantic ideas, interpretations of past experiences, and explores, clarifys, and intensifys his fantasies.

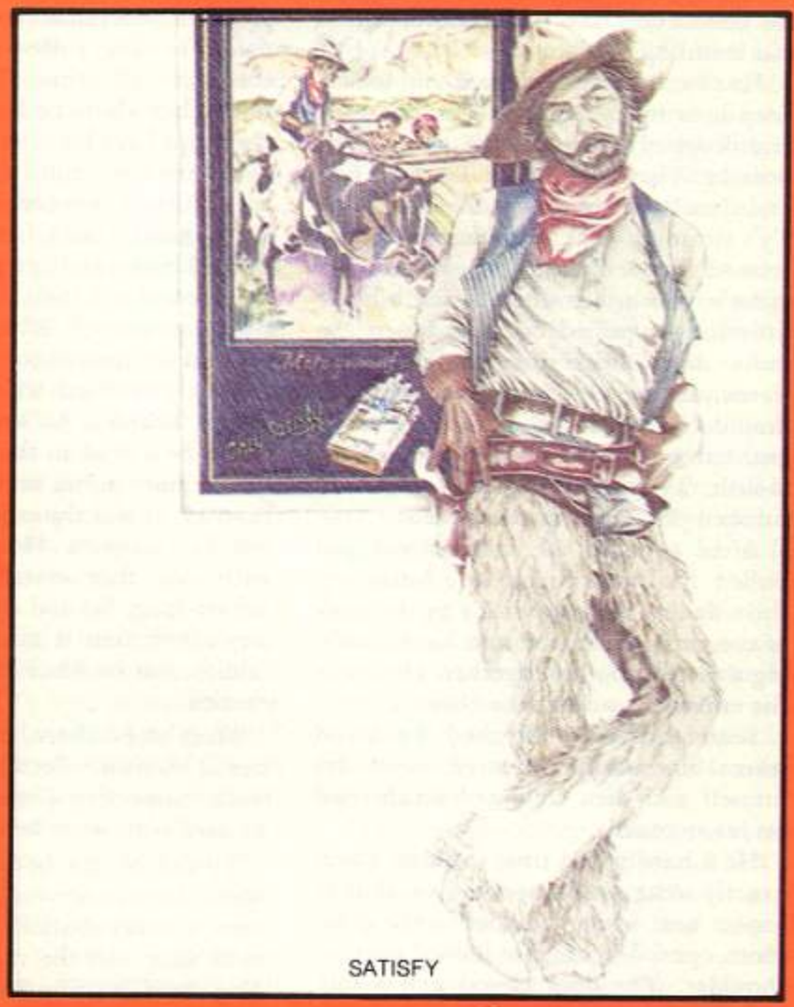
Sheer technical mastery of drawing is controlled, almost as if to remove evidence of the artist's intervention and allow his images to take on an independent life of their own. His lines and colors move from light, delicate, and fluid to deep, rich, and tightly controlled. Sable has chosen color drawings as his medium. He does not paint in the usual sense (oil/acrylic/watercolor) but paints with pencils by a layering technique often using as many as seven layers of color to achieve a desired effect.

Kas Sable has participated in group exhibitions at the Graphics Gallery in Provincetown, Phyllis Lucas Gallery in New York City, Butler Institute of American Art in Youngstown, Ohio, and the North Carolina Museum of Fine Art in Raleigh, N.C.

He has had one-man shows at The Davis Gallery In Provincetown, The Parthenon Gallery in Nashville, The Cordy Gallery in New York City, and the Robert Samuel Gallery in New York City.

Sable's work is handled exclusively in New York City by the Robert Samuel Gallery at 795A Broadway and in Provincetown, Mass. by Graphics, Etc. on Commercial Street.

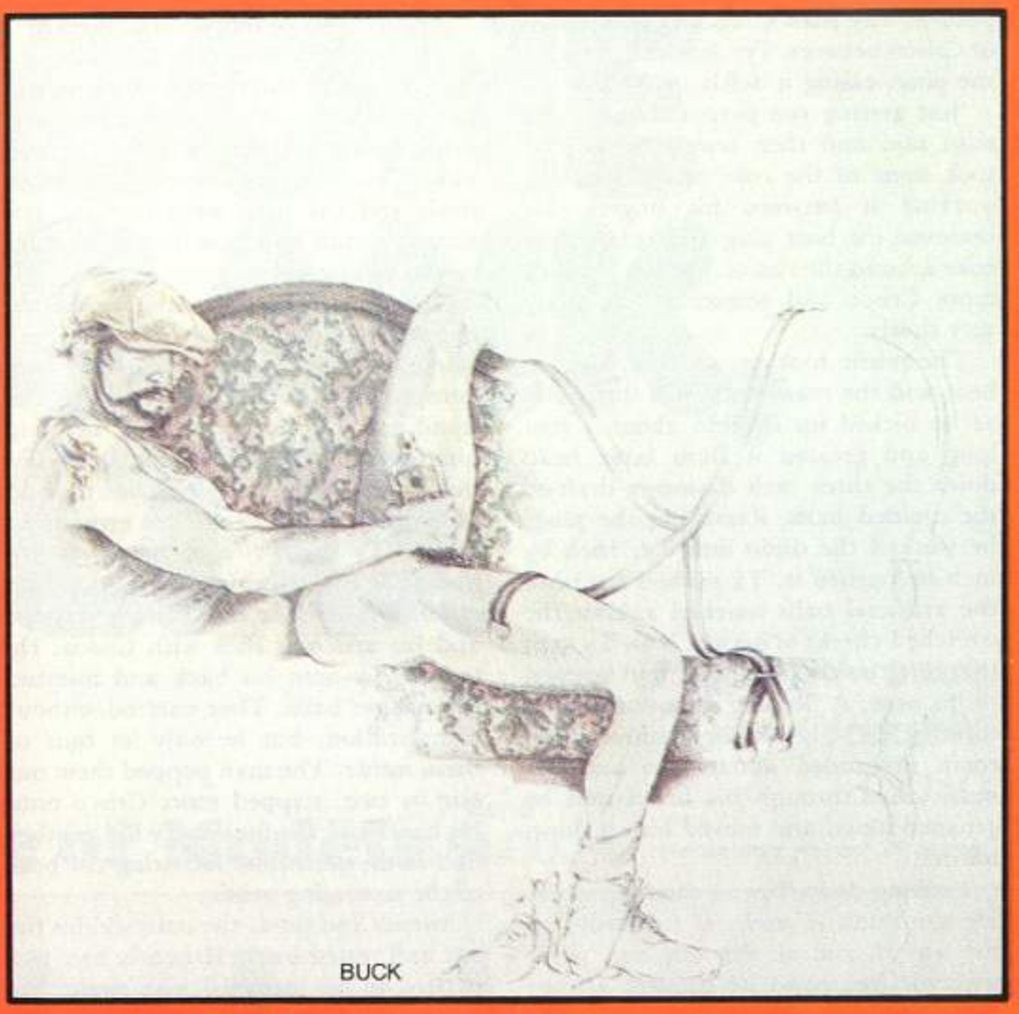
Although the Robert Samuel Gallery is closed for the summer it will open for its new season on October 2, with a group exhibition titled "Man to Man". This exhibition will run through the month of October and will include the work of Kas Sable. The Gallery hours are noon to six p.m., Tuesday through Saturday.



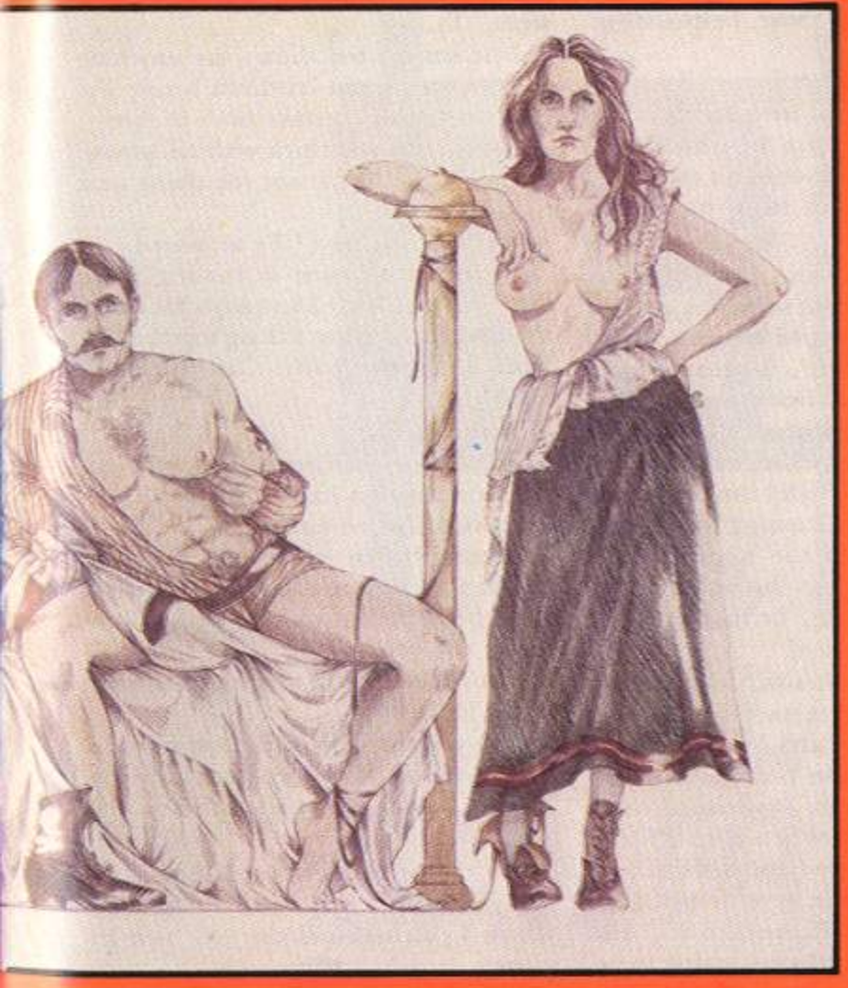
SATISFY

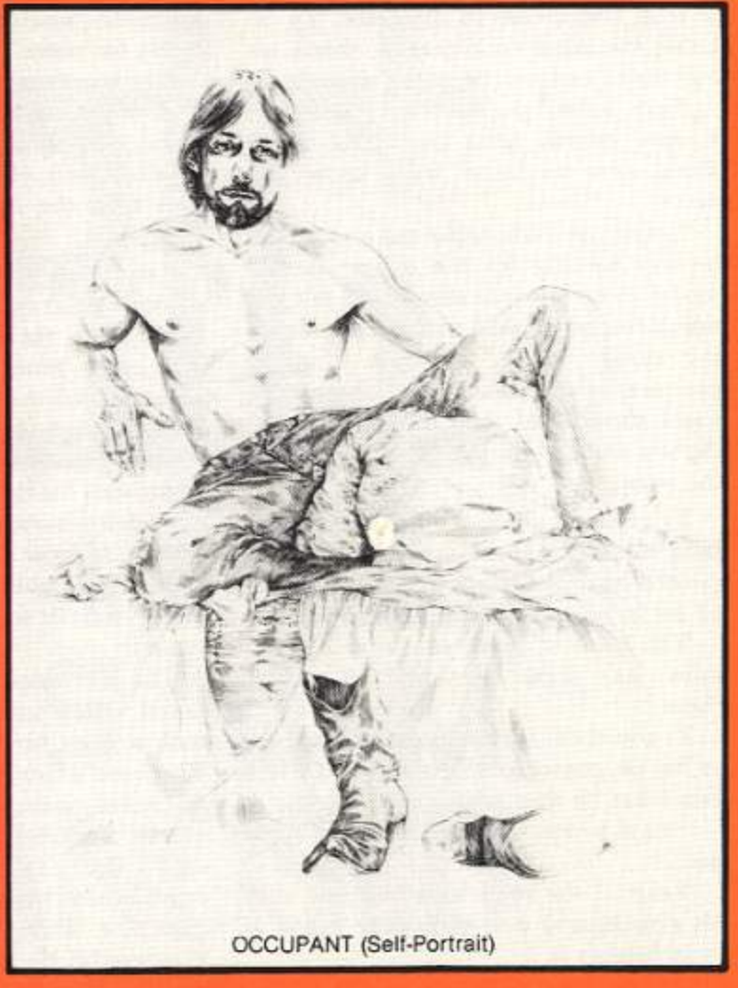
BRASS TRAPPINGS

UNTITLED



BUCK





OCCUPANT (Self-Portrait)

continued from page 55

posure. The man smoothed an amount of Crisco between Ty's legs and inserted the plug, easing it deftly to the hilt.

'Just getting you prepped, man,' the man said and then reached over and took some of the coke into his hands, working it between his fingers. He removed the butt plug and rubbed the coke around the rim of Ty's ass, applied more Crisco and reinserted the plug, very slowly.

The music took on an even, driving beat and the man went with the sound as he picked up a dildo about a foot long and greased it from latex head down the three inch diameter shaft to the molded balls. Removing the plug, he worked the dildo into Ty. Inch by inch he pushed it. Ty pushed too until the artificial balls touched against the stretched cheeks of his ass. Now Ty kept the amyl bottle uncapped and pressed to his nose. A floating sensation rivited through his body and the shadows of the room descended about him and the music shot through his brain and he groaned aloud and moved his ass down harder.

Looking down Ty saw the man working the dildo in and out furiously, all the way in and all the way out, while with his free hand he greased a huge dildo about a foot and a half long and at least five inches in diameter. Ty inhaled the amyl even deeper, threw his legs up to rest on the man's shoulders.

'Easy, baby,' the man said. 'Just easy. I know exactly what I'm doing and I don't want to hurry it. I know you don't.'

Ty felt the dildo come out and just as he was waiting for the deluxe jumbo model to be put into service, he felt the man's fingers playing with his ass, working slowly inside. He felt a slight pressure as the knuckles of the expert hand passed and then the man sat up slightly and slid his hand into Ty's ass to the wrist.

Ty groaned aloud with ecstacy, gripping the sheets in his hands. The man pushed his legs further apart and worked his hand in slow circular motions.

'You want it, don't you, man. Yeah, baby, just think open and let me in there.'

Ty could not speak. The man slapped at his ass gently and demanded Ty tell him what he wanted.

'I want you to fuck me, man, fist-fuck me...'

'Yeah...' the man breathed and slid his arm in and out, each time going a little further in.

Ty held his arms around his knees and pulled his legs back so he could watch. The man's hairy, muscular arm was nearly up to the elbow, still turning and gently going deeper. Ty threw his head back. 'Now!' he hissed through clenched teeth and the man went forward not stopping until his elbow disappeared into the willing ass.

The music changed and picked up tempo and for half an hour the man worked on Ty's ass, turning him over onto his hands and knees, making him stand and squat onto the arm, bending him over the edge of the bed, and never pulling out below the elbow. At the end of the half hour he eased his arm out so slowly Ty wasn't sure he wouldn't plunge in again, which Ty wanted him to do. But the man eased all the way out and his arm was slick with Crisco. He turned Ty onto his back and inserted the rubber balls. They entered without complication, but he only let four of them inside. The man popped them out one by one, slapped more Crisco onto his hand and fist-fucked Ty for another half hour, each time following the beat of the unceasing music.

Sweaty and tired, the man slid his fist out and rested back. His curly hair was matted to his forehead with sweat. He regulated his breathing. Ty smiled languidly, unable to move, limp and yet ready for more.

The man reached down to his crotch and began stroking. In a moment he came, jetting a stream of cum across Ty's stomach. He removed his cock ring and held the leather strap up in the light.

'Diamonds', the man said to Ty as he turned the strap about so that it glinted in the light. He strapped it firmly about Ty's cock. 'From Bric', the man added as he leaned over to lick the cum from Ty's stomach. He cleaned up and said 'Happy birthday' before he left the room with his clothes and can of Crisco.

Ty felt his body becoming heavy with sleep. He examined the studded cock ring and the gold spurs through his nipples. 'Leave it to Bric,' he thought contentedly.

The jazz faded into soft blues and Ty faded with it into a relaxed feeling. He took a deep breath and looked about. The area around the bed was a mess-discarded beer can, towels, Crisco everywhere, the dildos in a jumbled pile on the floor. Ty looked at it-yes-this was one birthday he would never forget, and then he thought about Bric. He wondered if his friend was coming in or if perhaps there was yet another surprise in store for him.

As Ty was trying to figure this out the door opened yet again, but this time Bric entered. He was naked and grinning as he crossed and climbed into bed, sliding up to lie beside Ty. He took Ty in a strong embrace and kissed him hard and then licked down his neck, across his chest, down the hard stomach and all through his crotch, lifting the cock into his mouth and sucking hard. Ty pulled Bric into a sixty-nine position and sucked him in return. He became excited again. And as he held Bric's ass and bobbed his head up and down the thick shaft he kept thinking that he had just been royally fucked by four of the most beautiful men he had ever seen but this, now, with Bric was more exciting than all the others, even including the fulfillment of the fantasy of Mark Brand. Ty ran his hands all over Bric, exploring every inch of him and as he did stiffened his legs, about to come. Bric suddenly moved up across him, in a 'push up' position, and pumped his cock hard into Ty's mouth. They came together at the same time, with loud groans, mouths gripping cocks.

Bric moved about to sit on the bed next to Ty. He looked at the man.

'I'd like a birthday like this every week,' Ty said.

Bric smiled but didn't say anything for a moment and lay down beside Ty. Sleep began to overtake both of them.

Bric's voice was thick with sleepiness, but he asked, 'What are you doing next Saturday night?'

'Nothing planned,' Ty answered.

'A friend of mine is coming down from Boston. Next Saturday's his birthday and I'm putting a thing together for him. A surprise party. Can you make it?'

'Sure.'

Bric yawned. 'Great. You still got that construction hat?'

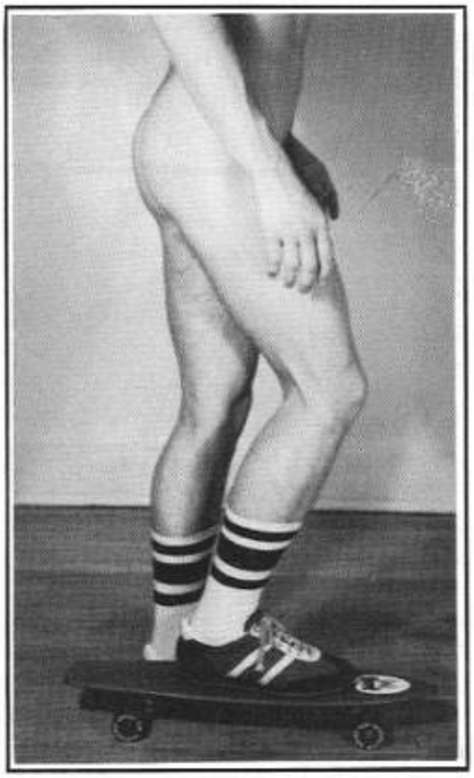
Ty said that he did.

'Wear it when you come. I'll get a lineman's utility belt for you. You won't mind being a construction worker for a night, will you?'

Ty nodded. 'I'd be anything you want me to be.'

Bric yawned and turned on his side, but before he fell asleep he said to Ty, 'It's set, then. Be here next Saturday night, at midnight.'

The lights in the room snapped off automatically. Bric rested his arm across Ty's chest and the two men fell asleep.



BONE BANK, LTD.

210 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY
10010

for Brochure of Models Send $4.00

please state you are 21 or over

BRIG

1347

FOLSOM

SAN FRANCISCO

ROUNDUP

CANADA

Docile Boot-Dog-Slave expert book licker will lick, suck your boots clean; tongue polish, shine them to high gloss. Will Fr kiss booted feet, massage, bathe them with mouth. Prefer spurred cowboy boots smelling, tasting socks & feet inside. Write to P.O. Box 383 Lachine, P.Q. H8S 4C2 Canada

CALIFORNIA

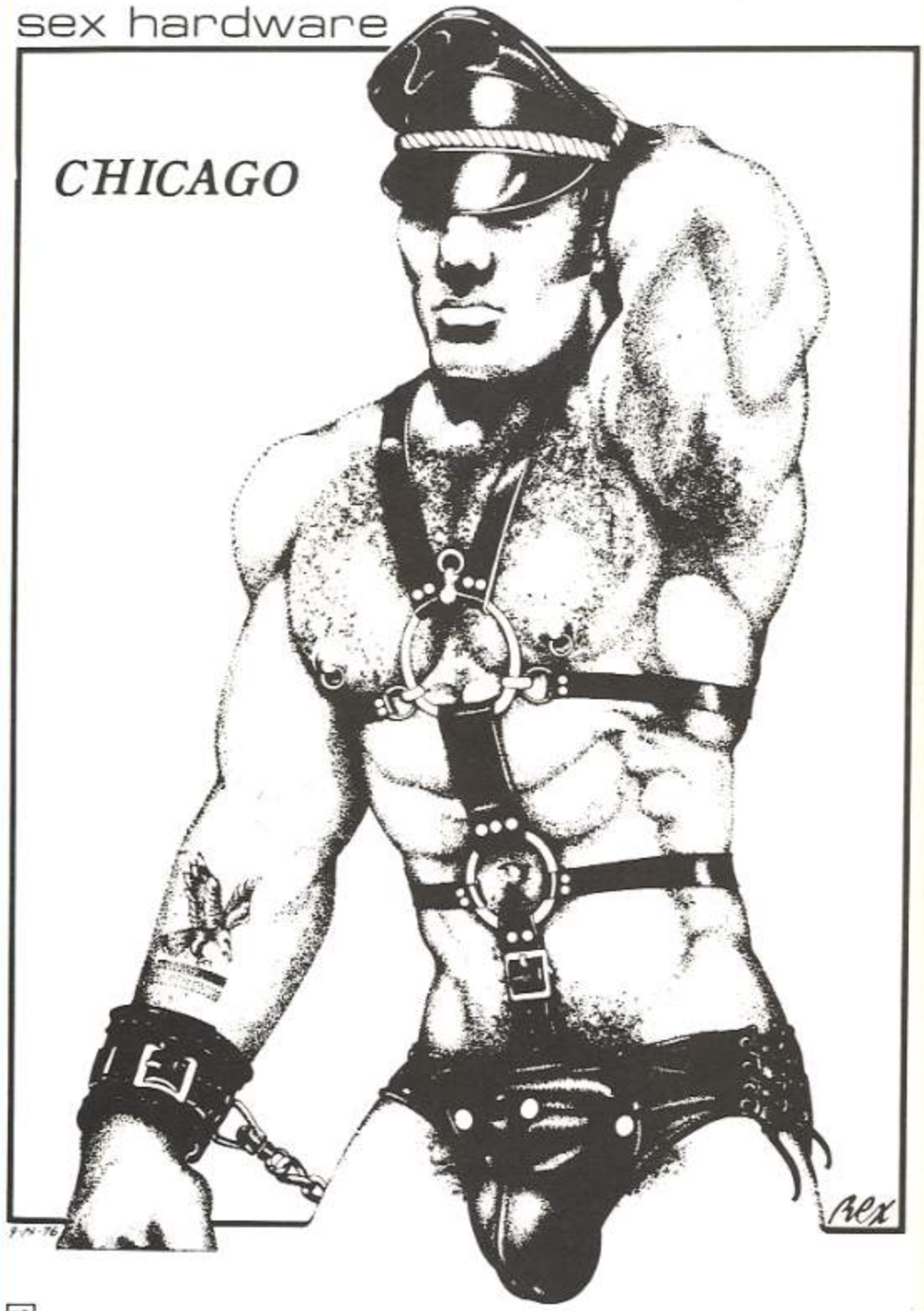
Hot and horny good looking stud gets off on levis and jocks. Would like to write and possibly meet with similar good looking dudes. Write with revealing photo and info for same. Bob, Box 4483, Fresno, CA 93744

So, California husky hunk, 45, 6'3", 220, masculine, versatile, virile welcomes visits/company/action with mature, well built and eager cowboy studs. Poss. buddy relationship. Write: Rolf Kraus, P.O. Box 905, Oak View, CA 93022

Hot number, 28, 6'2", 175 lbs., gentle stud. Loves out-of-doors life, briefs, bikinis, jocks, mild w/s, touch, feel nylon, J/O fantasies. Want to correspond and meet similar 20 to 35. No S&M. David Farrington, P.O. Box 31605, San Francisco, CA 94131

THE PLEASURE CHEST

sex hardware



New York Philadelphia Key West Miami Houston Los Angeles

CONNECTICUT

Wanted—Hung guys for fun, games and good times. You name it, I do it. I'm 6'2", 185, 8", brown hair. I love to sleep in the nude and I seek guys with huge end. Write: John Bodnar, P.O. Box 9163, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601

LOUISIANA

HUNG SUPER STUD, 24, 6', 165 lbs., blonde, 8" pole seeks other studs who can handle the action, anywhere, anytime. Can travel or accomodate men in area for visit. Write w/photo: Rett Poret, 5976 Menlo, Baton Rouge, LA 70808. Be discreet!

PENNSYLVANIA

Tight jeans/short cut-offs, take you on anytime in woods, mud, stream. Should be under 35. If you think you're man enough, write: Box 125, Homer City, PA 15748

NEW YORK

The City's Finest All Male All Action Bookstores

UPTOWN

It's A Man's World
(designed with you in mind)
287 Amsterdam Ave.
(between 73rd & 74th Sts.)
(212) 874-9676

MIDTOWN

The Ball Park and The Gay Source
(the friendliest and best facilities in New York, plus legal, health, sight-seeing & entertainment info.)
660 8th Ave. at 42nd St. (2nd fl.)
(212) 354-2243

DOWNTOWN

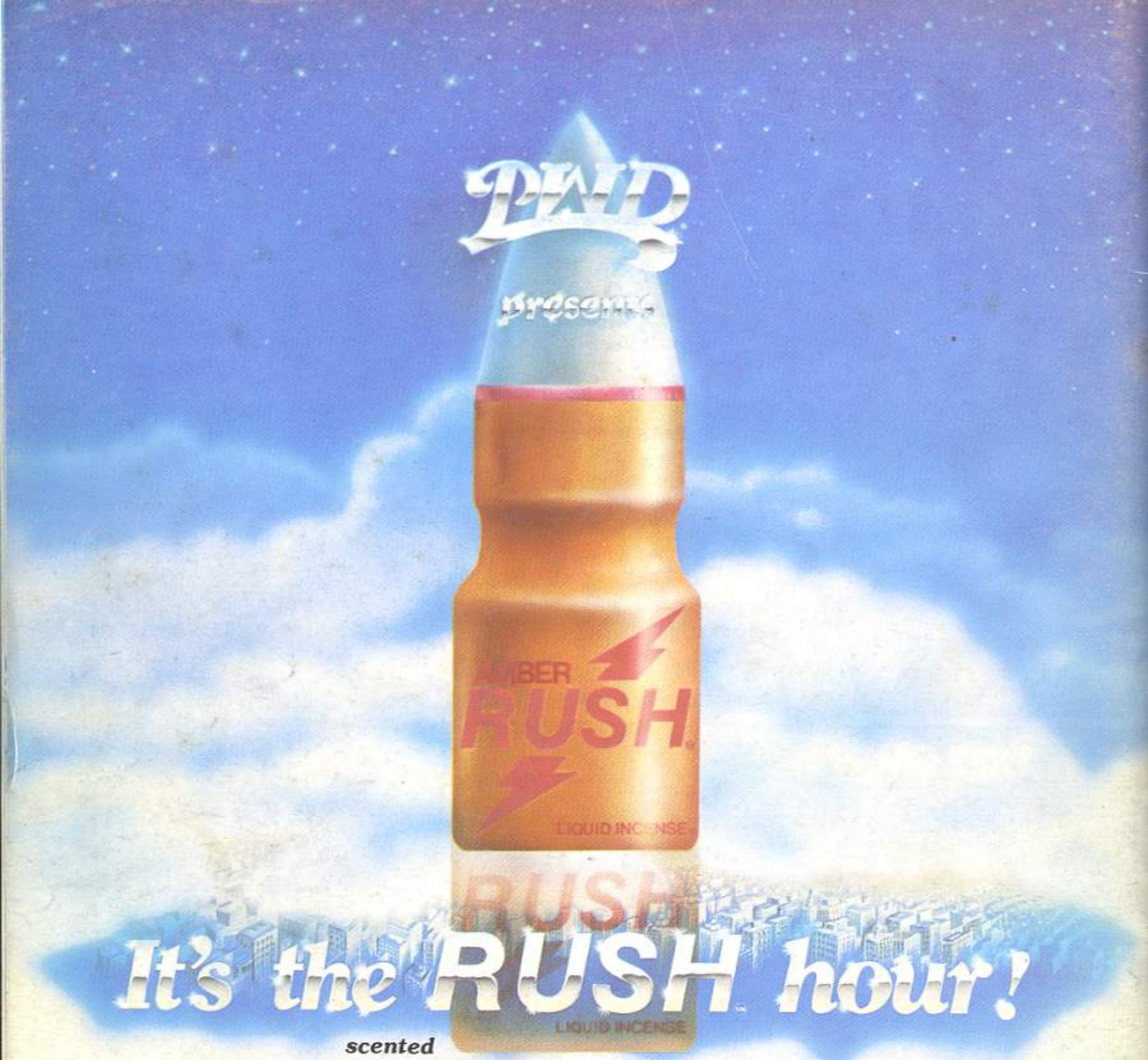
The Rendezvous
(downtown's butchest erotic shop)
38 West 28th Street
(between 6th & 7th Aves.)
(212) 684-9846

VILLAGE

Christopher St. Book Shop
(located on the Hottest corner in The Village, open 24 hours, visited by over 9,000 gay men weekly and is a landmark in the heart of the gay capitol of the world!
500 Hudson St. (at Christopher)
(212) 243-9573

IF YOU CAN'T COME IN, BUY BY MAIL. SEND $2 FOR BROCHURE TO: SOVEREIGN ADV. P.O. BOX 539 PHILA. PA 19105

EXPERIENCE US



scented

AMBER RUSH

in our exclusive spill~resistant .40 fluid ounce bottle

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED!
dealers phone toll free
(800) 227-4318

the world's largest manufacturer of Liquid Incense™

Money orders and credit cards receive same day service.

ENCLOSED IS $_____ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER – PLEASE SEND ME ___AMBER ___RUSH

CHARGE MY _____ OR _____ EXP DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____ _____BOTTLES @ $6.00
sign your name as it appears on Credit Card I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 21 2 FOR $10.00

CARD NO. _____ INTERBANK _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PAC WEST MAIL ORDER
P.O. BOX 3867
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94119

PACIFIC WESTERN DISTRIBUTING CORP.
140 Mission Street
San Francisco, Ca. 94105

OFFER VOID IN CA. & CT.

available at retail stores everywhere or order by phone with your VISA or MASTER CHARGE (415) 621-4911